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No. I.

PORTLAND HARBOR.

BY A TRAVELLER.

‘ALL hands, up anchor, ahoy!’ shouted the first officer, as we ascended the ship’s side, to the deck. After a few preliminary movements, away went the men, tramping around the capstan in a heavy, measured tread, to the tune of an enlivening song, in which they all with much zest took part, and in less time than I have taken to describe it, the unwieldy instrument was suspended, high out of water, from the lofty bows.

As one after another, the topsails were spread to the strengthening breeze, the beautiful vessel began to feel their impulse. And as sail after sail was displayed aloft, she slowly and gracefully moved from her moorings, and glided through the water with the lightness of a swan. She was very square rigged, and painted, with the exception of her snow-white ports, perfectly black, so as strongly to resemble a small sloop-of-war; she must have made a gallant show in the eyes of the numerous spectators who lined the quays and shores, as, under topgallant-sails, we rapidly passed the city, whose busy sounds were borne over the water, like the murmuring sound of distant surf—and bore down the expansive and beautiful harbor, before a brisk North-wester.

As we approached Fort Preble—a little, green, rock-girted, sand-edged Peninsula, crowned with white fortifications—the Revenue Cutter, commanded by Capt. H——, in whose person, I once heard it remarked, were admirably united the gallant sailor and perfect gentleman—came

‘Walking the water like a thing of life,  
swiftly across our quarter, and bore up and hailed us.

At the invitation of our Captain, who immediately hove the ship to, the Captain of the Cutter sprang from the gun on which he was standing, trumpet in hand, and leaped into his boat, which, impelled by the sinewy arms of his skilful seamen, in less than a minute placed him alongside; while the Cutter, which was just such a fierce-looking, saucy little sea-devil as a young sailor

would love to command, stood 'off and on,' awaiting its governing spirit, who, as he stepped upon our deck, turned with a proud eye and prouder smile, to cast a glance at his beautiful sea-bird, which, as she hovered around us, forcibly reminded me of Cooper's Water Witch. In grace and symmetry it would not have been surpassed by that celebrated sea-skimmer. It was well worthy to have been its original.

Having remained on board long enough to share in a 'parting glass,'—exchange a few words of leave-taking, and wish us a 'pleasant passage,' he descended the side into his boat. We had parted from the last human link, which bound us to our native land! The next moment he was standing upon the deck of his swift-sailing Cutter, which now bounded past us like a meteor, on her way to the city, flinging the foam about her head and leaving a long white wake astern—while we, gradually resuming our momentarily interrupted course, with a slower and more majestic movement, stretched away toward the ocean, leaving behind us home, friends—the *world*, perhaps—forever!

As we moved rapidly down the noble harbor which, half a century since, bore upon its bosom the hostile fleet of the proud Island of the North, the swelling ocean was sending in its evening tribute to the continent, in vast scrolls, which rolled silently and irresistibly onward and majestically unfolded upon the beach—or, with a hoarse roar, resounded along the cliffs and surged among the rocky throats of the promontory, impressing the mind with emotions of sublimity and awe.

As the expanse of water between the ship and the city rapidly widened, we all eagerly clustered aft—some in the rigging, others upon the taffrail—with our eyes longingly, and among the fairer members of the party, tearfully fixed upon the fast receding Port, whose slender spires, heavier towers, and humbler cupolas, were blending momentarily with the evening atmosphere, and fading from our view.

Over the whole city was suspended motionless, a pale blue cloud, so lowly reposing above the dwellings, that at intervals a slender spire, like a silver needle, would penetrate its bosom and appear above it, delicately relieved upon the empurpled sky.

While my fellow-passengers, with their hearts in their eyes, were taking a 'last, lingering look,' of their native town—waving handkerchiefs, which distance rendered invisible, or with the aid of spy-glasses, were bringing dear friends all unconscious of their artificial propinquity, once more within the gratifying embrace of the eye, if not the more delightful one of the bosom, till the instrument would yield its kindly aid no longer—I sprang aloft, to take, in one expansive glance, a *last* look of *Home*, which could be treasured up, as the 'last look of friendship' is treasured in the nursery of Memory, when, a stranger, I should tread on other shores, and meet only with unfamiliar scenes, which, however beautiful, however diversified by the sublime and picturesque, can never touch that 'mysterious chord of sympathy within,' which strongly vibrates thrillingly alive at the well known scenes of '*Faderland*.' Though I will not go so far as to say with one,

'He who loves his country, loves his God,'

the converse of which proposition, no doubt, is true, yet there is a kind of patriotism, such as a warm-hearted and fearless patriot yields himself up to with a religious devotion, which, wherever found, under whatever garb or language, is the noblest of human passions—the most honorable of human prejudices. It is 'Nature's patent of Nobility,' whose seal is impressed upon the heart!

'The wandering mariner whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm, where'er his footsteps roam,  
That breathes a charm like that of "Home, sweet Home."  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that *pole*.'

Having attained with the customary ease of a *landsman* the dizzy summit of my ambition, involuntarily following my thoughts, my eye after roving for an instant over the extensive prospect around me, hovered a moment over its blue curtain, and then with the satisfaction of a weary-winged bird, settled down upon my native town.

'And thus an airy point I won,  
Where gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnished sheet of living gold,  
The ocean lay beneath me rolled;  
In all its length for winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that empurpled bright  
Floated amid the silver light;  
And mountains that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land.'

Having found such a delightful resting-place, my vision, if it could have personated my own proper person, would like the patriarch navigator's last messenger, I am now inclined to think, have felt an equal disinclination to return to its watery prison. But my 'olive branch' I was destined to seek in another clime.

Up-risen like a Phoenix from its ashes, but with renewed beauty, and girt about by the sea, which murmuringly bathed its skirts with its expiring waves, stood the queen-city of the north, reposing as seen through the transparent atmosphere, in uncommon beauty, beneath the blue canopy of its own creation, as Israel's tented city might have reposed out-stretched beneath its heavenly 'pillar.'

Gathering about him as he went down, 'double-headed shot clouds,' richly edged and magnificently scalloped, which, crimsoned in his red beams, suggested the idea of 'garments bathed in blood,' and illuminated with a lurid glare the whole celestial hemisphere—the sun went slowly down behind the towering forms of the White Hills, which, a hundred miles in the interior, lifted themselves in hoary majesty to Heaven—the remotest pillars of the firmament. For a few seconds he gleamed like a huge beacon light upon the majestic head of 'Washington,' now whitened with his wintry locks, then went suddenly down. When I again beheld him, he was emerging in the most dazzling and unclouded splendor from the bed of the Atlantic, and climbing the Eastern skies, 'glorious as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run his race.' Long after he retired, the heavens retained their crimson glow suffused over them, and the



same wild hue was laid, like a painter's coloring, over the earth and reflected from the sea. A soft, mellow twilight, peculiar to New England in the genial evenings of the 'Indian Summer,' succeeded. The city suddenly became magnified. Each individual edifice stood out in distinct relief. Light and shade presented a rich, *clare-obscure*, harmonized like music, and the whole city was delineated to the eye like pencil work. It seemed so near that verily you could have laid your hand upon it. The broad mantle of smoke flung over all, which at first became red as though dipped in the sun, presenting no longer to the eye the 'pillar of cloud,' but the 'pillar of fire,' now rapidly condensed in the evening air, lifted itself from the town, and abruptly broke into detached masses, which, wafted by the wind, sailed away, gradually ascending till they floated far to the south—a cluster of miniature clouds.

To the north of the city on the bald summit of Mount Joy, stands the Observatory, which contains one of the finest telescopes in America, and from whose summit parti-colored signal flags had, till the sun went down, been fluttering in the breeze. It reared its lofty head in solitary grandeur, like the tutelar Deity of the town beneath, or of the densely populated marble cemetery of its dead, which lies at its foot—whose snow-white and dark blue monuments *confusedly mingling* (may not a healthy moral be deduced from this) in the distance, presented a field of sullied white, faintly reflected to the eye.

Beyond the head of this treeless promontory, far in the back-ground, could be just traced the grey shore-line of the main land, dotted with comfortable farm-houses and rich farms—which from the unkindly nature of the soil on the sea-board, where

'Sand is grass, rocks are trees, and hills but—larger rocks,'

have been made thus rich by the pure 'sweat of the brow,'—that unyielding industry, and patient endurance of daily toil, which no people possess in so great a degree as the Yeomanry of New England. It is a striking, and has now become a proverbial trait in their national character. This virtue, however, is not limited to the farming community, but with various modifications, pervades all classes, or I should say *diversities* of society, as the aristocratic term 'class,' is so offensive to republican ears. It is the *grand arcanum* of the universal success of Yankees, either as individuals, or as a people.

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## II.

The animating cry—Sail ahead!—as I was closing the last paragraph, sent me to the deck to strain my eyes after a tiny speck on the horizon, almost invisible over the intervening curvatures of the ocean, which the first officer with his glass, announced to be the topgallant-sail of a brig, which was apparently standing towards us. But after long watching the white dot, which twinkled like a star—at one moment bright and distinct, the next disappearing behind a large wave,—gradually lessened away, and finally disappeared, and with it, alas! our hopes of getting rid of our letter packages,



which, sealed in hot haste, as the strange sail hove in sight, still wait for a passing vessel, to wing their way to many an anxious fireside.

I will now resume the description of Portland Harbor and the Bay of Casco, spread out around me, as I took my *last* look of home, whose lofty towers, green hills, and pleasant fields, were swiftly fading and disappearing from my sight. Travelling slowly along the northern horizon, beneath whose arc, a little higher elevation, aided by a good glass, would have enabled me to see, through the openings among the islands, the lofty roofs of Bowdoin. My eye ranged over picturesque islands of mingled cliff and verdure, whose summer coats of green were now exchanged for an autumn aspect:

‘ A constellation of Elysian isles,’

they sparkle like rough emeralds scattered over a mirror, the lovely Casco, which boasts an island-gem for each of the three hundred and sixty-five, set in the coronet of Father Saturn.

Some of them are romantic little spots, charming enough in summer, to allure the most fastidious syren to sport their halcyon hours away upon their green swards, and from their cliffs entice by the wicked sweetness of their voices, the hardy sons of the ocean into their toils:—though ‘I guess’ these fascinating tempters would ring out their sweet melody over the waves many a weary hour, ere plain, sober, matter-of-fact Jonathan, would be decoyed. He would need no Circe to protect him. Our modern coasting mariners are not so susceptible as the imaginative ancients.

Others are high, bold, and rugged, appearing like the shoulders of submarine mountains, abruptly protruding from the sea. One of these, flanking the entrance of the harbor to the north, and which we had just passed, leaving it on the left on our rapid course to the sea, surmounted by a dilapidated fort, formed a striking feature in the varied scene.

Many of the islands of this Northern Archipelago, then beyond the reach of the eye, but among which I had frequently voyaged on a former occasion, were extensive. Gently receding and ascending from a smooth beach of white sand, strewn with variously colored pebbles and diminutive sea-shells, they were often diversified with hills, cliffs, and pleasant meadows, through which wanders

‘ ———The breath of Ocean,  
In morning breezes, and in evening gales.’

These islands stand abreast of every harbor of our rock-walled seaboard, increasing the beauty of their scenery, and like giant sentinels, defend them from the violence of the sea, by presenting themselves to the full force of its rage.

South, on the right, stretched the low, pleasantly winding shore of Cape Elizabeth, presenting an agreeable prospect of scene—cultivated farms, simple dwellings, and scattered forest trees and copse spread over a slightly undulating surface. Projecting nearly three leagues into the sea, it terminates in a bold, rocky headland—the favorite fishing spot of the Portland belles and beaux (the more sedate Isaac Waltons go to Sebago) and the ‘end and aim’ of one of the most agreeable ‘drives’ from the city, to be found on the sea-

board. But I need not eulogise this, nor any other of the fine rides out of Portland—always excepting that to Saccarappa, which cannot be too highly spoken of. Peace to thy *ashes*, Saccarappa! I am now riding upon the ‘Highway of nations,’ which is swooth as a railroad compared to thine!

As we passed this head-land the vast waves were rolling landward, column on column, breaking and reverberating through the caverns and ravines of the promontory, with a noise like thunder. The summit is crowned by two lofty and snow-white light-houses, whose loneliness relieved by a neat cottage at their base; the humble residence of their solitary keeper. But a good library, a good wife, et cetera, if the ‘keeper’ is a man! should convert his solitude into a paradise. When, like broken-hearted, too sensitive Cassius, ‘hated by one you love,’—which Cupid forfend!—you become

‘—— Aweary of the world,’

I recommend you to apply incontinently for a situation as Light-house keeper. You will then light a torch worth a score of Hymen’s, and kindle a brighter flame than you ever raised before. What an enviable hero! torch holder to all the Leanders of the ocean!

As the ship breasted the Cape, the glory of sunset had departed, and with it all trace of our Port, which, except here and there a twinkling light, was lost to my weary gaze amid the deepening gloom. And as the shades of night gathered over land and sea, I descended from my station aloft with a shade of melancholy cast over my feelings, and an oppressive sensation about the region of the heart, such as happy childhood relieves by tears!

As I *carefully* released my hold of the slender royalmast, so long my friendly supporter, which bent like a green withe as the ship rolled in the trough of the sea, now increased to an imposing size, and as carefully grasped a stay, strained to the tension and rigidity of a steel bar, to assist me in my descent—the beautifully touching lines of England’s exiled bard, passed through my mind,—

‘Adieu, adieu! my native shore,  
Fades o’er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My Native land—Good Night!

A few short hours—and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother EARTH!’

As I stepped from the quarter-railing, on deck, the elongated and melancholy visages, dimly seen in the twilight, of my companions, who

‘Sate and wept,  
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept,’

as the fleeting shores disappeared finally faded from their view, leaving them to pour to the elements their last ‘Good Night’—struck me as exhibiting the most indubitable evidences of a ‘repentance of a wish to roam,’ at least on the *sea*. A nice scrutiny detected certain other ominous indications, whose

too legibly written characters could not deceive the regularly initiated. These were visible in a laxity of the muscles of the mouth, which was just sufficiently opened for the breath to exhale freely—a slight curling now and then of the upper lip, (not Byronic,) with which the extremity of the nasal organ just sympathised by a slight twitching—a drooping of the eyelids—an increasing paleness, a general flaccidity of the features, with which the whole body deeply sympathised, and finally a most tragical up-turning of the eyes, which can be illustrated, and have proper justice done it, only by the similar elevations of the visual orbs of a ‘duck in a thunder storm.’

Swaying to and fro upon the lofty mast, which swung through the air like an inverted pendulum, as the ship rose and fell upon the seas, I was too busily occupied in tracing and impressing upon my mind the fast receding scenes of *home-land*, (I coin the phrase, for it expresses a great deal more than *native land*—conveying just the meaning of the untranslatable, good old German ‘Fader-land,’) to give much heed to scenes on deck, which was diminished to the size of a pilot-boat to my eye. Its long, narrow, elliptical figure presented a confused spectacle of coiled rigging, boats and hatches—here a windlass, there a wheel—spars and hencoops—a green ‘companion way,’ and a black camboose—twice blacked, both with paint and smoke—a second Orcus containing a second Pluto—with pigs and ‘greenhorns,’ hurrying sailors and tottering passengers—all mingled pele mele; while above all towered the lofty spars, covered ‘alow and aloft’ with snow-white sheets of swelling canvass—a moving galaxy of clouds.

But when I once more stood among my fellow-passengers upon the quarter-deck—the serio-comico hues previously alluded to were presented to me in all their charming variety. Having had experience of this kind of misfortune myself, I had learned to sympathise with the wretched. Moreover I had already secret misgivings that sympathy would be required nearer home; for, thanks to my pleasant cradling aloft, I was fairly, as the saying is, ‘between hawk and buzzard;’ and from certain well-remembered premonitions,—too soon, alas! to be confirmed—I feared that having been so long absent from Old Neptune’s dominions, he would demand from me the customary tribute, in such cases ‘made and provided.’ Strange, very—that such an affinity should exist between a man’s last dinner on shore and the surface of the sea. It deserves philosophical investigation. Neptune is like a vile cut-purse; he takes one, *sans ceremonie*, by the throat, and cries, ‘Stand! deliver *that* thou hast within thee.’ Base eater of second-hand dinners!—toothless himself, he must chew by proxy.

The ship was now rushing through the water with extraordinary velocity, under her three topsails, the lighter sails having been taken in as the wind rose, so that her momentum overcome in a great measure the resistance of the lesser waves, which danced about the harbor-mouth. Gently as they were cradled upon the young billows—uncurbed children of the Wind and Ocean, which leaped from the sea in a thousand fantastic shapes, and chased each other in noisy troops—our lachrymose party could not endure such gentleness. It was killing with a kindness by no means to be coveted.



## THE WINTER BOUQUET.

SHE came to my door, but I could not persuade her  
 To enter, for fear I would tempt her to stay.  
 And scarce a kind word for her gift had I paid her,  
 When lo ! she had turned, and had hastened away.

A sweet little off'ring for winter I thought it,  
 The bunch of young flowers, by a ribbon confined,  
 And that was a lovely young girl, who had brought it,  
 And fled like a sylph, as she left it behind.

A daisy as bright, and as modest and blooming  
 As she who had plucked it, peeped out from the green ;  
 A half-opened rose, like a censer, perfuming  
 The fair myrtle-sprig, in her beauty was seen.

I knew she had tenderly watched them while growing,  
 And led up the stems from their mother of earth ;  
 Her eye had beamed over the bud till its blooming ;  
 Her music had hailed the young flower at its birth.

Her delicate fingers had gathered and formed them  
 So gracefully into the winter bouquet.  
 To give them to me, at her heart she had warmed them,  
 In bearing them through the cold air on her way.

For snow-wreath and snow-wreath were woven together,  
 And pale looked the sun from his journey above.  
 Her beautiful gift in the keen winter weather—  
 It seemed like the olive-branch brought by the dove.

She carefully trains up the rose and the myrtle ;  
 But this is not half of what Lucy can do !  
 For she has a heart that can love like a turtle ;  
 A voice, and she sings like a nightingale, too !

Then why did she come, like an angel appearing  
 To drop me a blessing, and hasten along  
 To pass in a moment from sight and from hearing ?  
 Come back, my dear Lucy, and sing me a song !

Come back ! and I'll tell thee how fondly I cherish  
 The flowers thou hast brought me, the best of the year,  
 That others may see them, and lest they should perish,  
 I place them, to save them in memory, here.

H. F. GOULD.

*Newburyport, Mass.*

## THE CHASE.

'Make your best haste,'—WINTER'S TALE, *Act III. Scene 3.*

It was on a bright morning of May, in the year -35, that, after a short visit to the country, I set off on my return to the city. The deep blue sky was visible in every part of the heavens, save where here and there a few fleecy clouds reflected the glory of the king of day. The air was mild and balmy, breathing of the newly ploughed furrow—fresh with the dews of morning—perfumed with the sweet fragrance of the first flowers of spring, and enlivened by the cheerful notes of a thousand winged songsters. It was a day on which nature wore a garb fitted to excite, especially in the breast of one who had lately emerged from a crowded city, emotions of a pleasing and delightful character. Those who pass their lives in the country know not the rapture with which the sight of it is hailed by a stranger. They too often learn to look upon its beauties with a cold and unfeeling eye. As the Indian wanders among his native spices without any sense of their exhalations, so do many calmly pursue the even tenor of their way, amid the loveliest scenes of nature, scarcely noticing the changes of the seasons. They experience, 'tis true, the cold of winter, and the summer's heat, but they are insensible alike to the naked grandeur of the one and the tranquil gaiety of the other. They can view the dark foliage of the forest, the green grass, the ripening grain and the blossoming flowers, and listen to the sweet melody of the birds, the low ripple of the water-fall, and the deep thunder of the heavens, without a perception of delight—a feeling of gratitude—a sentiment of awe. Few are the happy beings to whom can be applied the lines of Moore,

'Nothing is lost to him who sees  
With an eye that feeling gaze,  
For him there's a story in every breeze,  
And a picture in every wave.'

Reluctantly bidding farewell to my friends, and thinking with no very amiable feelings what a different prospect awaited me in the evening, I mounted the box of the stage for S——, a village on the banks of the Hudson, where I expected to meet the boat which would convey me again to the dusty, smoky city of Gotham. The coachman was a round, portly, good-humored personage, whose acquaintance I soon made, with the help of a few cigars, and after driving a mile or two, at my request he resigned to me the reins, and solacing himself with the fumes of the Indian weed, mentioned sundry accidents which had occurred to himself. One in particular he narrated with great spirit. He had effected the capture of a mail-robber, on a dark, dreary night in the depth of winter, and his eye dilated and he rose in his seat as he told of the vigilance that discovered, the skill that surprised, and the strength that overpowered him. He had subsequently found that his prisoner was a convict lately escaped from prison, for whose apprehension a reward had been offered, which he had strong hopes of

obtaining. Under my superior management, the horses proceeded with unusual rapidity and ere the sun had gained the meridian we reached the summit of the hill that rises almost from the water's edge, on the sloping declivity of which the village of S— reposes. The view from this spot is one of those which so powerfully affect the imagination when beheld, and so long linger on the page of memory—one of which, however faithful may be our own remembrance, requires a poet's pen, or a painter's pencil vividly to picture to another. Below us rolled the noble Hudson, its clear waters sprinkled with vessels, whose snow-white sails glistened upon the surface in every direction. On the opposite side the stately highlands, rearing their lofty heads towards heaven, were reflected in the limpid bosom of the stream, their dark shadows lending, by the contrast, new light and beauty to the surrounding scenery. To complete the prospect, the village lying at our feet, its neat dwellings half concealed amid the foliage, and its towering spires o'ertopping the trees, made it a scene pleasing alike to the imagination and the heart; the works of industry blended with the creation of nature, and formed by the union a picture of grandeur and sublimity—of happiness and peace.

In a few minutes we reached the inn, when I found to my regret that the boat was not expected within at least two hours. As our early arrival was, in part owing to my expeditious driving, I resigned myself with equanimity to my fate, and having performed the ablutions rendered necessary by the dust, conned the pages of half a dozen newspapers, and called for a glass of lemonade, I strolled into the village. Chance led me to the office of the weekly journal, and on entering to ask for the last number, I found the editor busily engaged in preparing the forms for the press. He politely invited me to remain, and offered me a seat near a window, which commanded a fine view of the river and from which he assured me he could discern the boat at the distance of several miles. Relieved of all fear of losing my passage, I lounged complaisantly in my chair, turned over a file of the 'Herald,' and watched the progress of the present number towards completion. The editor was friendly and communicative—conversed upon politics and abolition—spoke with warmth of the heat of the day, and enlarged with rapture upon the beauty of the scenery. Time wore on, and the usual hour for the appearance of the 'Union' arrived. The paper was not yet ready—the form not yet completed. An advertisement had been forgotten here, an important paragraph omitted there—here a comma had been neglected, and there a type had been defaced. I could wait no longer, but bidding the editor good morning, walked with hurried steps to the inn. To my question, 'When the boat was expected?' I received for answer, 'In half an hour;' and vexed with myself for my impatience, I returned to the printing-office. In a few minutes the paper was ready; I received the proof-copy, and delighted with the prize, retraced my way.

'When will the Union be here?' said I to a boy standing at the door. 'When!' repeated the fellow with a grin, 'she has been five minutes at the dock. Swift as thought, at the word, I turned, and in a moment was speeding my way with a celerity of which I knew not I was capable, towards the river. Nearly a fourth of a mile had I to pass, and that along a winding and



precipitous path—but down the steep descent I flew, scarcely conscious whither I was going, gaining at each bound a new impulse which hurried me onward. The geese cackled and the pigs squealed, as they affrighted fled before me—amazement sat on the face of every beholder—the boys cheered, the women stared, and the picture of Gilpin flitted across my view, when,

‘The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every one cried out, well done,  
As loud as he could bawl.’

Panting and breathless I held my way, and reached the foot of the hill just in time to see the last rope which confined the Union thrown from the post, as slowly and majestically she moved from the dock. ‘Who will put me on board of her?’ said I, addressing indiscriminately the motley throng which crowded the wharf. ‘A boat! a boat!! a kingdom for a boat!’

‘’Tis impossible,’ uttered several in a breath; ‘none could overtake her’—and my last hope withdrawn, I stood covered with dust and drooping with exertion, and looked the impersonation of despair. A hand touched my shoulder; I turned, and C——, the inn-keeper, was at my side.

‘I will take you in my wagon to T——, the next landing-place. Possibly we may reach her there.’

A moment more and we were seated in the vehicle, and ascending again the steep acclivity. Our wagon was small and light, our horse swift and free, but the ascent of the hill was laborious, and the length of time it took augured ill for our success. The boat was already far in advance of us, ere we reached the summit, but the road then became level, and away we sped, our horse on the full run. Onward we sped over hill and dale, with neither cessation, nor intermission in the rapidity with which he flew. After driving awhile we came to an elevation from which we had an open view of the river. The boat was not in sight.

‘We have passed her,’ said my companion; ‘she is above us, concealed by the banks.’

As he spoke, he checked his horse and brought him to a trot, and we were just beginning to congratulate ourselves, when coming to another opening, we caught a view of the boat far before us, steadily and rapidly pursuing her course. Away we started again, faster if possible than before. Our horse bounded along as lightly as though he felt not the weight behind him. The road was bad, frequently rough and sometimes stony, but

*We staid not for brake, we stopped not for stone,  
We dashed over ditches where bridge there was none.*

The novelty and excitement of the ride was delightful. The serenity of the day, the beauty of the country, the ever changing character of the scenery, all combined to lend it charms—sometimes the road would leave the river at a distance, and wound among fertile hills, meadows blooming with verdure and variegated with wild flowers, whose fragrance filled the air—and anon it would lead over the picturesque hills for which West Chester is famed, whose sylvan beauty is so faithfully portrayed in the pages of the ‘Syr’—where the lumbering chariot of Mr. Wharton, driven by the venerable Cæsar, is described as toiling wearily along. Not thus did we pass them.

'How far have we come?' I asked of C——.

'Four miles and a half.'

I looked at my watch; we had been fifteen minutes, and we had two and a half miles yet to go. Now and then I caught a glimpse of the boat. We had gained on her but only a little, and the road grew more winding as we advanced. We urged our horse to the top of his speed and were within a mile of T——, when coming in view of the river we saw the Union turning the point, and within a few hundred yards of the dock. At the moment two gentlemen passed us in a carriage—

'Too late for the boat!' was the salutation as we dashed by, and I felt reluctantly disposed to believe them. The sound of the Union letting off steam soon reached our ear, and while that continued there was hope. Our horse was dreadfully tired,—perspiration streamed from every part—his head drooped, and his light run was exchanged for a heavy canter. A few moments brought us to the top of the hill, at the foot of which the vessel was lying. Down we rushed at the imminent danger of our safety. A sudden turn opened to us a view of the dock—handkerchiefs waved on high announced that we were seen. Onward we dashed, and presently I was on board the UNION.

NEMO.

*New York, Feb. 1836.*

## REMEMBRANCE.

BY REV. E. D. TOWNER.

BRING back the scenes, O mem'ry bring  
The glowing scenes of former days,  
And from my darkened spirit fling  
The deep despair that on it preys.  
Tell of the glorious dreams I cherish'd,  
Dreams in the charms of fancy drest;  
Tell of the bright'ning hopes I nourished,  
Return them to my lonely breast—  
And, if I ne'er may taste again,  
Oh! let their memory remain.

Come, o'er my grief beclouded heart  
Cast the glad sunlight of thy rays,  
And bid the sullen care depart  
That on each chord of feeling plays;  
Call from its long continued slumber,  
The image of departed joy,  
And in thy soft, consoling numbers  
Thy woes allay, my fears destroy—  
Oh! with some hope-inspiring strain,  
Bid madness flee with all her train.

Strike with thy magic wand the rock  
 That rises o'er the misty past,  
 And let its fountains by the shock  
 The treasures on the desert cast;  
 Gather again the brightness round me,  
 That once illumed my joyous way,—  
 E'er sorrow's withering blight had found me,  
 Or time had dimm'd youth's visions gay.  
 If tears *must* fall, Oh! let them be  
 The chastened tears of memory.

Power of a spell which time hath crushed,  
 Light of a star that long hath set;  
 Strain of a song which grief hath hushed,  
 Come, for my heart doth love thee yet!  
 Come with the sound of former gladness,  
 Come with the light of better years,  
 Reign o'er the mind long bowed by sadness,  
 And scatter all my rising fears—  
 Let me again the sweetness know  
 Of joys that faded long ago.

*Sand Lake, Ransselaer Co. New York.*

## THE RUIN.

A SULTRY day had passed, and twilight brought her cooling zephyrs to fan the expiring sun. It was early autumn, and the yellow tinge had begun to appear on the drooping leaves of the forest—portentous of dissolution to the old and jaundiced year. Halting summer, whose kibes had been galled by a backward spring, hobbled slowly off the field, and her sunbeam lingered upon the face of nature, like a smile upon the cheek of death. The moon is up, and the tall towers of G—— cast their shadows upon the ground. The inhabitants who have been enjoying the refreshing breeze on the suburban hills, are seen gliding under the porches. The sound of closing casements and doors is heard. The watchmen wrap their cloaks about them. The sullen silence of night has commenced, and the bird of darkness waves his triumphant pinion over a sleeping world.

A light was seen glimmering from a noble edifice, near the centre of the town, long after the hour of midnight had tolled. The solitary watchmen knew, by this sign, that Albert P—— was still holding his vigils—a youth of unwearied industry and much promise, whom his country was about to lose for a time, as he had given his consent to depart for a barbarous shore, and relieve a missionary on his station. Yes, he was preparing for his departure. He was alone in his chamber. It was the last night he should spend on shore, previous to his embarking for a distant land. He sat at a little table, covered with paper and implements for writing. Ever and anon as he



paused in his employment and threw down his pen, his pale brow would be knit with anxiety, his lips compressed, and the glistening tear would start into his eye. At length, starting up and pacing the floor rapidly—'Tis well,' said he, 'that I am alone! Else what an example should I set to the world! so reluctant to do my Master's business—so timid—so——oh! why should human love so wrestle with purposes divine? Why should the love of woman compare with the love of Christ? Yet so it is. Her image rises before me unbidden. That innocent brow, those lustrous blue eyes, those sweet tones which, like a cymbal struck in heaven, thrill to my heart's core, come between me and my disinterested resolve, and lure me, like a syren, away from the path of duty.' Again he seated himself, and his fingers moved with feverish haste over the paper. His lamp began to burn dim, and not till then, he sealed his last documents, and something like a smile passed over his features. He arose and sallied forth into the lonely streets. He walked rapidly through the city, until the pavement no longer rattled under his feet, and human dwellings became 'few and far between.' His spirits became more buoyant as he scented the fragrance of the wildwood, and the silvered roofs of the town faded in the distance. He had walked several miles over the solitary hills and through the leafy glades in silence; but on reaching the summit of a green hillock, he paused and pointing towards the roof of a cottage which just showed itself above a thousand vines and rose bushes, 'There,' said he, 'is the nest in which I am about to leave my disconsolate dove: Oh! that the sweet sleep in which thy soul of innocence is wrapt might continue until my return—but oft shall these groves don the green leaf—oft shall the storm roar through their naked branches—and often shall the weary traveller raise your hospitable latch, before the voice of Albert shall again be heard in your borders. Oft shall the fairest flower of this garden droop on its stem ere I come again to receive its blushing head upon my bosom. Shall I rouse her from her pillow? What joy have I in her tears? She will weep and I——'

'Her pillow, Albert! on the eve of your departure!' He turned hastily, for it was the voice of his loved one. In a moment she stood beside him. 'Did you, indeed, suppose that I slept in yon cottage, and knew that to-morrow we must part—yes *we*. Like the poor bird that goes no more to its nest which the stranger's hand has rifled, yon cottage will no more be a home to me when you cease to seek me there. Where you are, there is my home—'

'Cease, Caroline! thou wouldst tempt me from my God. Over yon dark blue waters lies an isle whose inhabitants, bound in the chains of ignorance and paganism, perish for lack of the waters of life. Wouldst thou dash the cup to the earth, even while it is raised to their parched lips? Would you break the rod that is raised to smite their ocean rock, and cause living waters to gush forth for their thirsty souls?'

'But you, Albert, you might be spared. How many are there who would willingly supply the vacancy which you go to fill!'

'Fatal reasoning, dear Caroline!'

'I know it—I know it. Forgive me. I will be calm and wait with patience until your return. How much trouble do I give you. I should love you less, were you to yield to my entreaties. But I would even consent that

you should be less noble, if I could have you with me always. Yes, go to the swarthy natives of the far distant isle. Teach their little ones to lisp the name of Jesus; direct the dim eyes of hopeless age to the cross—and when you see the dusky maiden, whose heart has been made to leap for joy through your ministrations, lifting her watery eyes to Heaven in prayer, will you not think of me?

‘It will need no such sight to remind me of you, gentle Caroline. You have said truly that where I am there is your home, for my heart is the citadel in which you dwell.’

‘Could I doubt it I should be most miserable, but you are going far—far off, and you will see many faces before you return. Come, let us sit down upon this rock, and tell me about the journey which you are to take. The sea! a thousand strange thoughts arise in my bosom at the mention of that one word. Is there not danger attending a journey over the dark ocean. I have heard of shipwrecks, of drowned mariners, and a thousand horrors which lay dormant in my mind—but which start up from their secret cells and frown fearfully upon me, now that you are about to risk yourself on the salt billows. I never saw the ocean—how does it look?’

‘I cannot tell much about it,’ replied Albert, ‘but I have looked out upon the sea, and there was no bound to the broad waste of waters. The ocean is at times placid and gentle as a slumbering lion—anon the storm lashes it into fury and the waters are rolled into prodigious heaps, sending their spray toward heaven, and tossing the vessel about like a plaything. But I understand the danger is not great in passing from hence into the Pacific. Rest satisfied my love, that the arm of Omnipotence reaches beyond the utmost bounds of the creation, and that whatever may befall these perishable bodies, our spirits may meet and mingle in a brighter realm. Nay, our present separation for a few years may but make our meeting more joyful when I come to you from beyond the sea.’

‘Ah! say not so, Albert. For if you are but absent from me one week, does it not seem like an age; and when was not our meeting as joyful as heart could wish? But I see your brow is again overcast. I will give you up to the guidance of him who cannot do wrong—but so short is our leave taking! I had a thousand things to say to you; but each one seems so trifling when compared to the whole, that I dare not waste the time to speak it. To-morrow night I shall come here and sit upon this rock. I shall look up to the moon as I now do—I shall think of all that you have said—but you will not be here. Wretched thought! I have no other friend—’

‘Nay, nay, restrain your tears. You know that you are inexpressibly dear to me—that not an hour will pass, during my long absence, but I shall think of you, and pray for your happiness.’

‘Alas! can you still cling to one who has never been aught to you but a burthen—for whom you have defied the prejudices of mankind—who has nothing to offer you but a heart overflowing with love? Will the eagle think of the humble sparrow, when he is soaring with his kind?’

‘Yes, Caroline, “The lion shall lie down with the lamb,” since you will make such comparisons. I hold cheap the tinsel of wealth, and the magnificence of power, when I see such beauty as yours in a cottage—such

virtue among the woodbines. But see, my best beloved, the stars begin to grow dim, and the East is strewn with roses for the passage of the Monarch of day. My time grows short. I have much to do, and I must be early on board.'

Starting up from the rock, Caroline pressed her hand against her forehead, 'No—no!' cried she, 'this cannot be the day. We have just met. I have said nothing—I have done nothing—I have told you nothing. Do not say the morning has come. Why do I tremble so? What fearful apprehension seizes me?'

'You have watched too long,' said Albert, encircling her waist with his arm—'your eyes are weary. You need repose. Go, now, and take your rest. Here is a present for you. When I am gone look on this.'

'I will wear it in my bosom continually. It is a good likeness. See, I am calm now. I shall be able to bid you adieu without a tear, when you take your leave.'

'I grieve to say that the time has arrived when I must bid you that long farewell. A more protracted stay would ruin every thing.'

'Not *now*! You do not mean *now*. You will go very soon, but not now. You will hear me speak before you go.'

Albert seated himself, and Caroline flung herself upon his bosom, and gave way to her tears. He was alarmed at the violence of her emotions. He had anticipated a painful scene, but there appeared to be something ominous in the extreme reluctance manifested by Caroline—the agony of her soul—at their separation. At length he prevailed on her to accompany him to the cottage. He pressed her hand as she stood in the door like a breathless statue, and bade her adieu. He turned away. He walked swiftly from the spot, but on looking behind him, he saw her still remaining where he had left her. He pressed his fingers to his lips and waved his hand to her. She did the same. He hurried on and was soon out of sight of the cottage. He increased his speed in order to banish thought from his mind, but it was not until the proud bark had received him and new scenes opened upon his vision that the painful intensity of his feelings began to relax.

\* \* \* \* \*

Albert had departed. For a while he was the subject of conversation in the fashionable circles of G—. His admiring relatives and friends dilated upon his virtues, his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of religion, and the unaffected sincerity of his heart; while some disappointed spinster would cautiously insinuate that she feared he was not proof against the artifices of the selfish and aspiring. Others, when none of Albert's friends were present, would laugh about 'love in a cottage.' Many months had gone by since Albert left his native land, and his friends had scarcely heard from him. Other topics engrossed the attention of the circle which he once adorned, and his name was seldom mentioned. But there was one who thought of him. The solitary vallies and groves where Albert and Caroline had so often wandered together, were visited as of yore; but not by a happy and enamored pair, rejoicing in each other's presence. The pale form of a lonely maiden might have been seen lingering for hours beside a purling brook, or seated upon a mossy rock, while she gazed with her whole soul upon the



jewelled trinket in her hand—while she perused those features already engraven indelibly upon her heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years have passed away—long years to Caroline—and but one letter has been received from Albert. Yet that letter contained information which made amends for his long silence. He was on the eve of embarking for home. The sickly hue which had so long veiled her loveliness fled as she perused the precious scroll; and with a buoyant heart she set off to carry the welcome intelligence to an uncle of Albert's, who had lately taken up his residence in the vicinity of the cottage. She was received with indifference, and her tidings seemed to give no joy to the family. There was a strange silence after she had finished reading that part of the letter which alluded to her lover's speedy return home. Alas! they had heard *of* Albert—she had only heard *from* him. She attributed their coldness to family pride, and felt humbled at the thought that by a union with her, Alfred would give offence to his relatives. She was mistaken. Let us shift the scene to Valparaiso, and the reader will be better able to unravel the mystery of their conduct.

Among the vessels which crowded the harbor of the great Chilian port, was a United States frigate. The sun had gone down, and the lights of the town had blazed forth from the hill sides, while the sounds of the guitar, accompanied by female voices floated over the waters of the harbor, and lulled the tired mariner to his repose. But on board the frigate, the murmur of many voices was heard—cordial greetings were passed from man to man, and sleep appeared to be banished from every eye. A large vessel had been seen in the offing, which was fully believed to be the relief ship for the frigate; and the prospect of sailing soon for home created the tumult of joy which could be heard in every part of that mighty bark. But the sound of oars now attracted their attention. 'The commodore is coming on board'—was whispered among the crew, as they crowded as near the gangway as propriety would admit, to hear what he would say about the strange ship.

'Help this man into the sick bay,' were the first words that he uttered as he landed on the deck. The ship's company now directed their attention to the invalid of whom he spake. He was apparently a young man, but bowed with disease—untimely wrinkles had scored his pale cheeks, and his hair hung in elf-locks down the sides of his face. As the light of the lanterns flashed upon his countenance, the younger portion of the crew were startled by its ghastly and wo-begone expression. As he came on board very slowly they had also an opportunity to remark his dress. He wore a blue nankeen jacket, much soiled, and trowsers of coarse canvass. Notwithstanding the wretchedness of his whole appearance, the manner in which he saluted the officer of the deck and others who stood near him, was observed by the midshipmen who murmured among themselves that he had seen better days. But he was quickly taken below, and as the arrival of a stranger among them was no new thing to the crew, they soon became engaged once more in speculations about the large ship off the harbor.

Early in the morning their suspense was reduced to certainty. A gallant bark with two rows of guns and the American flag flying at her mizen, came

round the fort, and headed up for the anchorage. The crew sprang into the rigging and gave three cheers which was returned by the 'relief.'

In a few days afterward our frigate's capstan went merrily round. The anchor was hove up, and she was cheered out of the harbor. When she had got fairly out to sea, and the decks were cleared up, the wasted form of the invalid stranger was seen issuing from the hatch. He walked slowly along the deck, and every eye was fixed upon him, for he had not the resemblance of a common vagrant. There was something in his countenance which forbade familiarity, while it seemed to invite confidence. He leaned over one of the guns and hid his face between his skinny hands.

'Who is that fellow?' said one of the officers to the midshipman who came on board with him. 'He was picked up a few miles this side of Castle Blanco,' returned the other. 'The Commodore found him in the hut of an old Spaniard, and, thinking he would die if proper care was not taken of him, offered to carry him to the United States, where his friends live. He seemed lost, pleased and grieved at the idea of going home. You see he is all broken down. He has led a dissipated life.'

'I see he looks consumptive,' answered the officer. 'He will hardly live to get home.'

Days and weeks passed away, and the frigate drew near to our coasts. The invalid had discontinued his visits to the deck. He was so seldom seen by the crew, that his presence was scarcely perceived. Every heart was elate at the idea of soon reaching the United States. It was on a calm and pleasant day that the frigate sat almost stationary on the bosom of the deep. The hands were lounging about the deck and the officers were taking a lunar observation, when the sick man was brought on deck by two of the seamen. He looked wistfully about him. His hollow eyes gleamed with unusual animation, and he made many inquiries with respect to the probable distance to the port whither they were bound. He was told that the frigate would probably reach home in three days. He clasped his hands and the tears trickled down his cheeks. 'I shall see *her* once more!' murmured he. 'She shall close my eyes, and I shall die content!' But toward night the wind arose and blew directly off shore. He was told that a protracted head wind was anticipated; and some of the old sailors prognosticated a long storm. At hearing this, he sunk upon the deck, and begged to be carried below. The ship's chaplain was sent for by the invalid.

'Be seated, sir,'—said he in a faint voice. 'I feel that I shall die without seeing my home, and one for whom I have so long panted. My prayer, my *only* prayer will not be answered.'

'Well, my man,' said the chaplain—'God's will must be done. Shall I pray with you?'

The sick man made a gesture to be left alone with the chaplain. The spectators retired.

'My name is Albert P——' said he.

'Impossible!' cried the other. 'Indeed I wish I had known it before. I have heard of you. You are the missionary who yielded to temptation and became a cast away! But how, in the name of Heaven, did you fall so low, and become so utterly wretched?'

‘Gambling and intemperance!’ answered Albert.

‘What a lamentable fall is here!’ cried the chaplain. ‘But come, you shall be conveyed to my berth and be nourished and attended there. I know your family well. Cheer up, my friend. Your life may be prolonged some weeks with proper care.’

Albert answered not. The agonized spirit had departed. He was sewed up in canvass, and after a short and hasty ceremony, launched into the deep.

The frigate, after beating about several weeks with a head wind, reached the harbor in safety. The crew were employed about the deck, at various trifling duties, when they were suddenly startled by a loud and piercing scream in the cabin. They had, a little while before, observed a young lady come on board, attended by an elderly gentleman, and they, at once, concluded that it was her voice which they had heard. Doubt was removed when they saw her fainting form, colorless as the lily, brought upon deck. Restoratives were immediately applied. She opened her large blue eyes a moment and murmured—‘He die—wretched and among strangers. Oh! Caroline had you been there, you might have saved him. Oh! oh!’ She bowed her head upon the arm of the old gentleman who supported her. A violent shivering seized her frame.—She gasped convulsively several times, and her pure spirit fled to meet her fallen and most unhappy lover at the bar of Eternal Justice.

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## ELFRED AND ELLEN.

BY MRS. JANE ERMINA LOCKE.

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Who is that meek and blushing bride,  
That standeth by the altar side,  
Her spirit beaming proud and high,  
Through the dark lashes of her eye;  
And the strong love her soul hath borne,  
Poured, like the fulness of the morn,  
Into one broad and melting ray,  
O’erpowering as the noon of day?—

And whose that tall and slender form,  
Uprising from the world’s rude storm,  
On whom she leans? That manly tone  
And noble bearing speak him one  
Of no mean birth, or wont to bow  
Or cringe before the haughty brow;  
And that high front betrays a soul,  
Born for no tyrant’s rude control;  
But his thin frame—with strength and power,  
’Twas girt in manhood’s dawning hour;  
When sickness o’er it threw her blight,  
And left it delicate and slight



As a weak girl's ; and ills of earth  
 Have gathered round his father's hearth  
 With him. E'en when a merry boy,  
 Faded from life his highest joy,  
 A mother's smile ; that tender smile,  
 As on her eldest born the while  
 She gazed, and long and fervent prayed,  
 That every sorrow might be stayed  
 From him, token of woman's lot,  
 And mutual love's first pledge, first blot.  
 But faithful prayers not all avail,  
 And blessings asked in meekness fail.  
 'Tis mercy holdeth back the cup,  
 Ere erring man has drank it up,  
 And thus was this withheld ; for grief  
 And woe had dotted every leaf,  
 And every page, up to this hour,  
 Of his life's record ; one fair flower  
 Upon his bosom fell, and smiled,  
 But perished soon ; the chastened child  
 Of sorrow had young Elfred been.  
 But now upon his brow was seen  
 The flush of hope ; the joylit eye  
 Told grief and sorrow had gone by,  
 And dreams of earth, bright dreams were his,  
 As years unveiled their mysteries  
 Of love and bliss. That gentle one  
 He long had loved, and she had won  
 Kindly and oft the breaking sigh  
 Of bitter grief and agony  
 From his full heart ; and her soft smile  
 Had lightened hours of wasting toil,  
 Such toil as makes ambition bleed,  
 And leaves the soul a bruised reed ;  
 Without her kind and fond caress,  
 Earth had no hope, no power to bless.  
 And what was life without his smile,  
 In the rough sea a cloud-girt isle ;—  
 Her early dream had gathered up  
 Their might, their power, nay, all their hope,  
 And gone forth unto him to claim  
 Reality for vision's flame.  
 They wound his spirit close around,  
 And in one link their being bound ;  
 And now they come that gentle pair,  
 To leave their love's full record there.

Ellen in modest guise arrayed,  
 No taste for gaud or show displayed ;  
 One simple rose adorned her hair,  
 Dark curls bedecked her forehead fair,

And the rich lace its meshes threw  
O'er her pale face, and hid from view,  
By many a light and varied fold,  
Her bosom's slight and fairy mould;  
And light as leaves from linden flowers,  
That bloom in breathless attic bowers,  
The gauzy robe from Persia's loom,  
Bedewed with every rich perfume,  
That maidens e'er might dare to try,  
From spicy groves of Araby.  
Elastic on the tiny foot  
The glassy silk was made to suit,  
And round the white and slender wrist  
Glittered the sparkling amethyst.  
Yet brighter still within her eye,  
Beamed forth the spirit's ecstasy.  
But see, a tear has gathered there,  
A gem fair richer and more fair  
Than those that on her bosom shine,  
Dazzling and bright from Afric's mine.  
Ay, smiles and tears are mingling there,  
Foretelling future bliss and care.

But Elfred, while his soul beat high,  
Stood up in manhood's dignity,  
Nor deemed that aught on earth had power  
To dim the glory of that hour.

Alas, for love this side the tomb,  
It hath no during fadeless bloom,  
And woe to those who yield the soul  
Up to his guidance and control,  
And kneel in dream, and hope, and prayer,  
Before his shrine, and worship there.

The vows were passed, and joy and woe,  
Had mingled in one gentle flow,  
For that long-loved departed maid,  
Both age and youth adieus had said,  
And pressed the hand and wished the day  
Of love and bliss might last for aye;  
And followed them with smile and tear,  
Till youngest eyes were dim and blear;  
Then turned and wiped the watery sight,  
And poured the song of wild delight.

It was a fair and lovely morn,  
Such as when forest leaves are borne  
On autumn's gentle winds along,  
To mingle with the mighty throng  
Of blighted things, foliage and flowers,  
And silent hearts, whose hopes were ours,

That Elfred bore his youthful bride  
From lovely glen and green hill-side,  
From dashing stream and rivulet,  
Whose haunts she never could forget,  
To his own proud and titled home,  
Where cares of earth might never come ;  
If sorrow's dwelling were alone  
With the poor, low, unhonored one ;  
Alas, she visits courts and kings,  
And sits on earth mid mighty things ;  
The lofty tower, the scutcheoned hall,  
The turret high, the bannered wall,  
Are but the blazonry that tells  
Where sorrow in proud semblance dwells.

Awhile 'twas joy and gladness all,  
And wine-cups sparkled in the hall,  
And mirth and beauty lingered round  
As they in fairy spell were bound.  
At length was changed the blissful scene,  
And pleasure took up sorrow's mien ;  
Elfred's bright hopes away were torn  
That his fond bosom long had borne.

Twelve waning moons had not yet past,  
And blanching care was settling fast  
On Ellen's cheek ; the saddened look,  
That heart of steel might scarcely brook,  
The longing gaze, the sunken eye,  
Spoke out the soul's deep agony.  
She told it not, words could not tell  
The blight that on her spirit fell ;  
No bard, no lyre, no plaintive song,  
Could breathe it forth ; it was not wrong,  
Or unkind words, or faithlessness,  
That from her heart wrung forth distress.  
Bred in a still and lone retreat,  
She had not learned as yet to meet  
The cold world's breath ; her heart was made  
For love alone ; the slightest shade  
Of blighting grief, or wasting care,  
Had fallen like Egypt's mildew there ;  
Or, had the vision of her soul,  
That revelled there without control,  
But faded, as on earth must fade  
Such dreams, such love, when thus arrayed,  
She had gone down, a blighted thing,  
To the still grave,—the mighty spring  
Of all her being broke and passed,  
As, on the sweeping tempest blast,  
Passed the chilled and broken flower,  
The fairest one of beauty's bower.  
Had it? Ay, even now the spell  
Was lifting from her soul ; the swell,



The tide of earth's reality  
 Was rolling on, and sweeping by  
 Each fair and visionary thing,  
 And this was but their withering ;  
 Her spirit could not stoop to earth,  
 It was of higher, holier birth,  
 And daily wrestled to be free,  
 Coping with immortality.

Oh, what an hour of grief and woe  
 Was that to Elfred, when the flow  
 Of her bright spirit backward rushed.  
 He strove to dry the gathering tear,  
 And the grief stricken soul to cheer—  
 Alas ! for naught repaid his toil—  
 No cheering word, or tender smile,  
 Nor bird, nor flower dispelled the gloom  
 That seemed a yielding to the tomb.  
 She faded in that still retreat,  
 Where morning's every breath was sweet,  
 While her heart shrivelled day by day,  
 As passing from the earth away.  
 Erelong the hue of weariness  
 Was changed for anguish and distress,  
 And the chill shivering, o'er her spread,  
 Bespoke the gathering to the dead. •

The night was still and undisturbed  
 Save by the moans that rose uncurbed  
 Amid their prayers, from the sad group  
 Around her couch ;—she heard the swoop  
 Of the dark angel's raven wing,  
 And by the moonbeam's quivering  
 Through the wild rose tree, shedding there  
 Its dewy fragrance on the air,  
 Is seen the dim and glazing eye,  
 On glory fixed above the sky—  
 Her lip to Elfred's then she pressed,  
 And wished him blest, forever blest.  
 Then poured her soul in one wild lay,  
 And passed from earth's bright things away.

'Thou joyous look, I'd upmount with thee,  
 And link mine to thy high destiny,  
 Leaving this world, with its hope and fear,  
 To those whose passions confine them here ;  
 Mine hath no kindred with love of earth,  
 It hath a higher and holier birth.  
 Here are longings I cannot endure,  
 And yearnings deep for a sky more pure.  
 Voids in the heart to which none reply—  
 Are they not answered in yon bright sky ?  
 Hope blooms but to fade in this bleak land,  
 Estranged are hearts of a kindred band,

Here cherished visions fade early away,  
 And treasured joys ere noontide decay ;  
 The youthful pledge passes soon from the heart,  
 And holiest vows ere manhood depart ;  
 Inscribed in the heart where the loved ones tread,  
 (And devious their way)—“to the dead—the dead.”  
 Earth's brightest joys are but weariness,  
 And its glorious things, they fail to bless ;  
 Ah, nothing endures—its tear and its smile,  
 Its love and its beauty, all, *all* beguile.  
 Weary of earth, swift bird of the sky,  
 I'd take thy fleet wing to worlds on high ;  
 The body may dwell unpinioned here,  
 The spirit was formed for a wider sphere.'

They parted Elfred from his dead,  
 And bathed the brow, but life had fled.  
 The sigh was breathed, and poured the tear,  
 And men and maidens wreathed the bier ;—  
 And ever on that solemn morn,  
 Were faded wild flowers yearly borne,  
 And scattered round their lonely bed,  
 With words of sorrow weeping said  
 For them—the early lost—the dead.

Earth is a dark and fearful spot  
 For hearts that love, and life a lot  
 Of weariness and bitter woe ;  
 Where tears of sorrow daily flow,  
 Yet tending all to purify  
 Our souls, and fit us for the sky.

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## M R S . S Y K E S .

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FROM THE PAPERS OF DR. TONIC, RECENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

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EDITED AT SKOWHEGAN.

HITHERTO in recording the memorabilia which happened in our village, I have touched upon those matters principally in which Diabolus, or the Spirit of Mischief, doubtless for wise purposes, seemed to obtain the mastery. The reasons that moved me thereunto were these, to wit, that men skilled in recording human transactions might hereafter embody them in their histories to serve as beacons or landmarks for posterity. For I hold that the more we know of Diabolus and of his *modus operandi*, the more easily shall we be enabled to foil him. In the matter, however, which now engrosses my pen, Diabolus, if, as was opined by many, he had any hand in it, got signally worsted.

One dark, stormy night in the summer of — finding my system had lost much of its *humidum radicale*, or radical moisture, in truth a very alarming premonitory, I directed Mrs. Tonic in preparing my warm *aqua fontana* to infuse a *quantum sufficit* of Hollands; of which having taken a somewhat copious draught, I sought my cubiculum. Let no one imagine however, that I give the least countenance to the free use of alcoholic mixtures. They are undoubtedly poisonous, and like other poisons which hold a high rank in our pharmacopeia, it is only when taken under the direction of those deemed cunning in our art, that they exert a healing power, and as one Shakspeare happily expresses it, ‘ascend me to the brain.’ Now as the radical moisture is essential to vitality and as this moisture is promoted in a wonderful degree by potations of Hollands, we of the Faculty hold with Horatius Flaccus ‘*omnes eodem cogimur*’—we may all *cogue* it. But to return to my narrative or story as it may be called. I had hardly ‘steep’d my senses in forgetfulness’ as some one quaintly says, when I was effectually aroused by a loud knocking at the window. The blows were so heavy and frequent that Mrs. Tonic though somewhat unadorned, it being her hour for retiring, yet fearful of fractured glass, hurried to the door. I might here mention, in order to show the reason of Mrs. Tonic’s fears, that my parlor front window had been lately beautified with an enlarged sash containing not seven by nine the size generally used, but eight by ten—panes certainly of a rare and costly size and which Mrs. Tonic had the honor of introducing. The cause of this unreasonable disturbance proved to be a messenger from Deacon Sykes stating that good Mrs. Sykes was alarmingly ill and desiring my immediate attendance. Now in the whole range of my practice there was no one whose call was sooner heeded than Mrs. Sykes’s; for besides being an ailing woman and of course a profitable patient, she had much influence in our village as the wife Deacon Sykes. But I must confess that on this occasion I did feel an unwillingness to resume my habiliments, that night as I before remarked, being uncommonly stormy and myself feeling sensibly the effects of the sudorific I had just taken. Still I should willingly have exposed myself had not Mrs. Tonic gathered from the messenger that it was only a return of Mrs. Sykes’s old complaint, that excruciating pain, the colic; for Mrs. Sykes was flatulent. As the medicine I had hitherto prescribed for her in such ailments had been wonderfully blessed, I directed Mrs. Tonic to bring my saddle-bags from which having prepared a somewhat smart dose of *Tinct. rhei.* with *carb. soda*, I gave it to the messenger bidding him return with all speed. In the belief that this would prove efficacious, I again turned to woo the not reluctant Somnus, but scarcely had an hour elapsed when I was again alarmed by repeated blows first at the door and then at the window. In a moment I sat bolt upright, in which attitude I was soon imitated by Mrs. Tonic, on hearing the crash of one of her eight by tens. Through the aperture I now distinctly recognized the voice of Sam Saunders, who had hired with the Deacon, stating that good Mrs. Sykes was absolutely *in extremis*, or as Sam himself expressed it, ‘at her last gasp.’ On hearing this you may be assured I was not long *in naturalibus*; but drawing on my nether integuments, I departed, despite the remonstrances of Mrs. Tonic, without my wrapper and without



any thing in fact except a renewed draught of my *philo humidum radicale*. My journey to the Deacon's was made with such an accelerated movement that it was accomplished as it were *per saltum*. This was owing to my great anxiety about Mrs. Sykes, though possibly in a small degree I might have dreaded an obstruction of the pores in my own person. Howbeit on arriving at the Deacon's, I saw at once that she was beyond the healing art. There lay all that remained of Mrs. Sykes—the *disjecta membra*, the *fragmenta*—the casket! But the gem, the *mens divini*or was gone and forever. There she lay regardless of the elongated visage of Deacon Sykes on the one side, and of the no less elongated visage of the widow Dobble on the other side, who had been some time visiting there, and who now hung over her departed friend in an agony of woe. 'Doctor,' cried the Deacon, 'is there no hope?' 'Is there no hope,' echoed the widow Dobble. I grasped the wrist of Mrs. Sykes, but pulsation had ceased; the eye was glazed and the countenance livid. '*A caput mortuum*, Deacon! *defuncta!* the wick of vitality is snuffed out.' The bereaved husband groaned deeply; the widow Dobble groaned an octave higher.

On my way home my mind was much exercised with this sudden and mysterious dispensation. Had Sam Saunders blundered in his statement of her complaint? Had I myself—good Heavens! it could 'nt be possible! I opened my bags—*horresco referens!* it was but too palpable! Owing either to the agitation of the moment when so suddenly awakened, or to the deep solitude of Mrs. Tonic, who, in preparing my *philo humidum radicale*, had infused an undue portion of the Hollands—to one of these the lamented Mrs. Sykes might charge her untimely exit; for there was the vial of *tinct. rhei*. full to the stopple, while the vial marked 'laudanum' was as dry as a throat in fever. I hesitate not to record that at this discovery, I lost some of that self-possession which has ever been characteristic of the Tonics. I was not only standing on the brow of a precipice, but my centre of gravity seemed a little beyond it. There were rivals in the vicinity jealous of my rising reputation. The sudden death might cause a *post mortem* examination, and the result would be as fatal to me as was the laudanum to Mrs. Sykes. A thought, occurring, doubtless through a special Providence, suddenly relieved my mind. At break of day I retraced my footsteps to the chamber of the deceased. Accompanied by the Deacon I approached to gaze upon the corpse; when, suddenly starting back, I placed one hand upon my olfactories and grasping with the other the alarmed mourner, I hurried towards the door. 'In the name of Heaven!' cried the Deacon, 'what is the matter?' The matter! I replied, 'the matter! Deacon, listen. In all cases of mortality where the radical moisture has not been lessened by long disease, putrefaction commences on the cessation of the organic functions and a *miasma fatal* to the living is in a moment generated. This is the case even in cold weather, and it being now July, I cannot answer for your own life if the burial be deferred; the last sad offices must be at once attended to.' Deacon Sykes consented. Not, he remarked, on his own account, for, as to himself, life had lost its charms, but there were others near on whom many were dependent, and he could not think of gratifying his own feelings at their expense—sufficient, says he, for the day is the evil thereof. I hardly need

add, that, when my advice to the Deacon got wind, the neighbors with one accord rallied to assist in preparing Mrs. Sykes for her last home; and their labors were not a little quickened by the fumes of tar and vinegar which I directed to be burnt on this melancholy occasion. Much as I cherished Mrs. Sykes, still I confess that my feelings were much akin to those called pleasurable, when I heard the rattle of those terrene particles which covered at the same time my lamented friend and my professional lapsus.

But after all, as I sat meditating on the ups and downs of life during the evening of the funeral, the question arose in my mind, is all safe? May not some unfledged Galens remove the body for the purpose of dissection?—Worse than all, may not some malignant rival have already meditated a similar expedition? The more I reflected on this matter and its probable consequences, the more my fears increased till at last they became too great for my frail tenement. There was at this period a boarder in my family, one Job Sparrow, who having spent about thirty years of his pilgrimage in the 'singing of anthems,' concluded at length to devote the residue thereof to the study of the human frame, to which he was the more inclined, probably, as he could have the benefit of my deep investigations. His outward man, though somewhat ungainly, was exceedingly muscular, and he had a firmness of nerve which would make him willingly engage in any enterprise that would aid him in his calling. Conducting him to my sanctum or study, a retired chamber in my domicile, 'Job,' I remarked, 'I have long noticed your engagedness in the healing art, and I have lamented my inability of late to further your progress in the study of anatomy from the difficulty of procuring subjects. An opportunity, however, is at length afforded, and I shall not fail to embrace it though at the sacrifice of my best feelings. The subject I mean is the lamented Mrs. Sykes. Bring her remains at night to this chamber, and I with my venerable friend Dr. Grizzle will exhibit what, though often described, are seldom visible, those wonderful absorbent the *lacteals*.—It is only in very recent subjects, my dear Job, that it is possible to point them out. My pupil grinned complacently at this manifestation of kindly feelings towards him in one so much his superior, and hastened to prepare himself for the expedition. It was about nine of the clock when the venerable Dr. Grizzle, whom I had notified of my intended operations through Job, came stealthily in. Dr. Grizzle, though from his appearance one would conclude that he was about 'to shuffle off this mortal coil,' was a *rara avis* as to his knowledge of the corporeal functions. There were certain gainsayers, indeed, who asserted that his intellectual candle was just glimmering in its socket; but it will show to a demonstration how little such statements are to be regarded when I assert that the like slanders had been thrown out touching my own person. The profound Grizzle, above such malignant feelings, always coincided with my own opinion, both as to the nature of the disease we were called to counteract, and as to the mode of treatment; and so highly did I value him that he was the only one whom I called to a consultation when that course was deemed expedient. We had prepared our instruments and were refreshing our minds with the pages of Chesselden, a luminous writer, when to my great satisfaction the signal of my pupil was heard below. Hitherto our labors seemed to have been blest; but a difficulty oc-

curred in this stage of our progress which threatened not only to render these labors useless, but to retard, if I may so say, the advance of anatomical science. It was this ; the stairway was uncommonly narrow, and the lamented Mrs. Sykes was uncommonly large. As it was impossible, then, for Job to pass up at the same time with the defunct, it was settled after mature deliberation that he and myself, should occupy a post at each extreme, while Grizzle assisted near the *lumbar* region. 'Now,' cried Job, 'heave together ;' but the words were hardly uttered when a shriek from Grizzle paralyzed our exertions. Our muscular efforts had wedged my venerable friend so completely between Mrs. Sykes and the wall, that his lungs wheezed like a pair of decayed bellows ; and had it not been for the Herculean strength of Job, who rushed as it were *in medias res*, the number of the dead would have equalled that of the living. At length after repeated trials we effected, as I facetiously remarked, our 'passage of the Alps ;' an historical allusion which tended much to the divertisement of Grizzle and obliterated in no small measure the memory of his recent peril. And now, having directed Job to go down and secure the door, Grizzle and myself advanced to remove the bandages that confined her arms, previous to dissection. But scarcely was the work accomplished when a sepulchral groan burst from the defunct, the eyes glared, and the loosened arm was slowly lifted from the body. That I am not of that class who can be charged with any thing like timidity, is, I think well proved by my consenting to act for several years as regimental surgeon in our militia, a post undoubtedly of danger. But I must concede that at this unexpected movement both Grizzle and myself were somewhat agitated. From the table to the stair way we leaped as it were by instinct, and with a velocity at which even now I greatly marvel. This sudden evidence of vitality in my lamented friend, or I might say rather an unwillingness to be found alone with her in such a peculiar situation, also induced me to prevent if possible the retreat of Grizzle, and I fastened with some degree of violence upon his projecting queue. It was fortunate, in so far as regarded Grizzle, that art in this instance had supplanted nature. His wig, of which the queue formed no inconsiderable portion, was all that my hand retained. Had it been otherwise, such was the tenacity of my grasp on the one hand and such his momentum on the other that Grizzle must have left the natural ornament of his cerebrum, while I, though unjustly, must have been charged with imitating our heathenish Aborigines. As it was, his bald pate shot out from beneath it with the velocity of a discharged ball ; nor was the similitude to that engine of carnage at all lessened when I heard its rebounds upon the stairs. How long I remained overwhelmed by the wonderful scenes which I had just witnessed, I cannot tell ; but on recovering, I found that Mrs. Sykes had been removed to my best chamber, and Job and Mrs. Tonic both busily engaged about her person. They had, as I afterwards ascertained, by bathing her feet and rubbing her with hot flannels, wrought a change almost miraculous ; and the effects of the laudanum having happily subsided she appeared, when I entered, as in her pristine state. At that moment they were about administering a composing draught which undoubtedly she needed, having received several severe contusions on the stair way in our endeavors to extricate Grizzle. But rushing forward, I exclaimed



‘thanks to Heaven that I again see that cherished face! thanks that I have been the instrument under Providence of restoring to society its brightest ornament! Be composed—my dear Mrs. Sykes, ask no questions to night, unless you would frustrate all my labors.’ Then presenting to her lips an opiate, in a short time I had the satisfaction of seeing her sink into a tranquil slumber.

As I considered it all important that the matter should be kept a profound secret till I had arranged my plans; and as Mrs. Tonic had in a remarkable degree that propensity which distinguishes woman—I was under the necessity of making her privy to the whole transaction; trusting that the probable ruin to my reputation consequent on an exposure would effectual bridle her unruly member. My venerable friend too, I invited for a few days to my own mansion lest the bruises he received during his *exodus* from the dissecting room might have deprived him of his customary caution. The last and most difficult step was to prepare the mind of Mrs. Sykes, who was yet *in nubibus* as to her new location. With great caution I gradually unfolded the strange event that had just transpired,—her sudden apparent death, the alarm of the village touching the *miasma* and the consequent sudden interment. ‘Your exit, my dear Mrs. Sykes,’ I continued, ‘seemed like a dream—I could not realize it. Such an irreparable loss! I thought of all the remedies that had been applied in such cases. Had any thing been omitted that had a tendency to increase the circulation of the radical fluid? There was the Galvanic battery—it had been entirely overlooked, and yet what wonders it had performed! No sooner had this occurred to my mind than I was impressed with the conviction that you were to revisit this mundane sphere, and that I was the chosen instrument to enkindle the vital spark. No time was lost in obeying this mysterious impulse. The grave was opened, the battery was applied *secundem artem*—and the result is the restoration to society of our beloved Mrs. Sykes.’ In proportion to her horror at the idea, that she must have rested from her labors but for my skill, was her gratitude for this timely rescue. She fell on my neck and clung like one demented, till a gathering frown on the face of my spouse warned me of the necessity of repelling her embraces. Mrs. Sykes was now desirous of returning immediately home to restore as it were to life her bereaved consort, who was no doubt mourning at his desolation and refusing to be comforted. But here I felt it my duty to interpose. ‘My dear Mrs. Sykes,’ said I, ‘your return at this moment would overwhelm him. The sudden change from the lowest depths of woe to a state of ecstasy, would consign him to the tenement you have just quitted. No! this extraordinary Providence must be gradually unfolded.’ She yielded at last to my sage councils and consented to wait till the violence of his grief had somewhat abated, and his mind had become sufficiently tranquil to hear that tale which I was cautiously to relate. On the following day however, her anxiety to return had risen to a high pitch, and truly by evening it was beyond my control. She was firm in the belief that I could make the disclosure without essential injury to the Deacon; ‘besides,’ as she remarked, ‘there was no knowing how much waste there had been in the kitchen.’ It was settled at last that I should immediately walk over to the Deacon’s and by a judicious train of reflection, for which I was

admirably fitted, prepare the way for this joyous meeting. When I arrived at the house of mourning, though perhaps the last person in the world entitled to the name of eavesdropper, yet as my eye was somewhat askance as I passed the window, I observed a spectacle that for a time arrested my footsteps. There sat the Deacon recounting probably the virtues of the deceased partner, and there, not far apart, sat the widow Dobble sympathizing in his sorrows. It struck me that Deacon Sykes was not ungrateful for her consolatory efforts; for he took her hand with a gentle pressure and held it to his bosom. Perhaps it was the unusual mode of dress now exhibited by the widow Dobble that led him to this act; for she was decked out in Mrs. Sykes's best fritted cap and, such is the waywardness of fancy, he might for the moment have imagined that his help-mate was beside him. Be that as it may, while I was thus complacently regarding this interchange of friendly feelings, the cry of '*you vile hussy*' suddenly rang in my very ear, and the next instant, the door having been burst open, who should stand before the astonished couple but the veritable Mrs. Sykes. The Deacon leaped as if, touched in the *pericardium*, and essayed to gain the door; but in his transit his knees denied their office, and he sank gibbering as his hand was upon the latch. As to the terrified widow Dobble, I might say with Virgilius, *steteruntque comae*, her combs stood up; for the fritted cap was displaced with no little violence, and with an agonizing shriek she fell, apparently *in articulo mortis*, on the body of the Deacon. What a lamentable scene! and all in consequence of the rashness and imprudence of Mrs. Sykes. No sooner had I left my own domicile than Mrs. Sykes, regardless of my admonitions, resolved on following my steps, and was actually peeping over my shoulder at the moment the Deacon's hand came in contact with the widow Dobble's. It was truly fortunate for all concerned that a distinguished member of the faculty was near at this dreadful crisis. In ordinary hands nothing could have prevented a quietus. Their spirits were taking wing, and it was only by extraordinary skill that I effected what lawyer Snoodles said was a complete '*stoppage in transitu*.' I regret to state that this was my last visit to Deacon Sykes's. Unmindful of my services in resuscitating Mrs. Sykes, he remarked that my neglect to prepare him for the exceeding joy that was in store, had so far shattered his nervous system that his usefulness was over; and in fine had built up between us a wall of separation not to be broken down. I always opined, however, and of this opinion was Mrs. Tonic, that the Deacon's coldness arose in part from an incipient warmth for Mrs. Dobble, which was thus checked in its first stages. It was even hinted that on her departure which took place immediately, he manifested less of resignation than at the burial of Mrs. Sykes. The coldness of the widow Dobble towards me, certainly unmerited, was also no less apparent, till I brought about what I had much at heart, viz: a match between her and Major Popkin. He was a discreet forehanded man, a Representative to our General Court, and kept the Variety Store in that part of our town that was named in honor of him, 'Popkins's Corner.'

## ' P E A C E — B E S T I L L . '

Be silent—'Tis the grandeur of the soul,  
 Amid the tumult of its troubled sea,  
 And waters broken by the storm of woe,  
 To say to its proud, bursting waves,—Be still.  
 Bask to thy silent depths.—For thee I have  
 No utterance.—No murmur for the pent up grief,  
 That rends the heart,—though silently it snap,—  
 The thread of life—

No sigh ;—No tear  
 May force a passage to the troubled eye,  
 From the deep fount within, for that is full,  
 And if one o'er the brim that curbs them now,  
 Should trickle down, others will follow still,  
 In quick succession sad—till scalding floods  
 O'erpower the thought that should have fortified,  
 And treble anguish, bends the drooping form  
 That else had stood erect.

Wouldst thou be perfect ?—Wouldst thou know  
 Aught of the soul made strong by virtue's strength ?  
 The grandeur of a deathless principle ?  
 The elevation of a chastened mind ?  
 Then silently endure.

The soul is strong to conquer woe,  
 That can conceal it in its hidden depths ;  
 The serpent loses then its poison tooth.—  
 There is a sickening power in grief  
 That hath contagion in it, and its tone,  
 If uttered, spreads to many breasts the gloom,  
 That else one heart had shrined, and meekly borne,  
 To the low grave.

Dost murmur, and forget thou hast been glad ?  
 Hast felt such joy as erewhile filled the soul,  
 Full to the brim of ecstasy and love ?  
 Thy path has wound amid the summer flowers  
 And fragrant incense, they have borne to thee ;  
 Hast *thou* burnt incense at His shrine who gave ?  
 The watchful good, that fragrant blessings strewed,  
 Leading thy steps, with careful kindness, where  
 The fairest flowers bloomed, and living waters flowed,  
 Still seeking by the goodness of his love,  
 To lead thee to repentence.



And now that hand hath chastened. Ask not why,  
 But meekly, humbly bow beneath the stroke,  
 That's given for thy good.  
 To wean thee from this poor dull Earth—  
 To lift thy soul above its vanities—  
 Its empty nothings, and its perishing things.

What though thy path be dark with sorrow's blight,  
 Though Hope for thee had faded—and the clouds  
 Of anguish, hover o'er thee thick; There is  
 A power near, to save—to bid Hope bloom again,  
 E'en when thou least expect. To fill thy cup,  
 Aye to the brim. And thy glad heart  
 Shall look, with wonder, on thy present wretchedness.

Believe not the dark whisper of the fiend,  
 That there will bloom for thee no other flower,  
 Than poisonous nightshade of adversity.  
 Oh no—for He who sees the sparrow fall,  
 And governs each event of good or ill,  
 Hath seen thy sorrow, and will bid it cease,  
 When his high discipline hath done its work,  
 And light, and shade have purified the heart,  
 To waft an incense, holy—up to Heaven.

'Peace,—be still'

With even brow and lip that knows no quivering,  
 Go forward to the work thou hast to do,  
 And in thy heart of hearts, and in its silent depths,  
 Conceal the grief that weighs thy spirit low;  
 So shall thy pathway through this life be bless'd,  
 So shall thy hand strew flowers for others, when  
 None bloom for thee.

So shall thy placid brow bespeak  
 Thee, ready to depart and be with God,  
 So shall thy spirit plume its wings for Heaven,  
 And death to thee, come as a pleasant friend,  
 To bear thee Home.

C. H.

## PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS.

## I.

THERE are few cultivated minds, that do not sometimes feel a proneness to indulge the luxury of idle thought—of that unrestrained roving of the imagination and glow of the feelings—we scarce know why—which is peculiarly termed *Musing*.

The mind becomes jaded by long wearing the yoke, and pants for liberty. It must and does obtain it in some way or other ; and this way is decided by its own character. Some sink down into stupidity on the spot where the task had ceased ;—some spring away in all the joy of renovated existence, from labor to sport and frivolity ;—others still turn to gentler pleasures, and are better pleased with what is soothing rather than gay.

The first of these classes deserves no mention. The second is perhaps most energetic ; the last, most tender and glowing. Which of the two is most intellectual must be left undecided. Both probably owe their characteristics to peculiarities of bodily structure—of that ‘harp of a thousand strings,’ so variously tuned by the hand that formed it.

But while the individual varieties are almost infinite, there is a general medium, which forms a characteristic of every people, and is an important element of national character. Our own and the Asiatic characters perhaps lie at the extremes. We are the active descendants of an active race. The Asiatics are, as they have always been, a musing, imaginative people. Witness their gorgeous fictions, the admiration of the world. The American character is like the rapid torrent, flowing roughly, but powerfully on its way ;—the Asiatic, like the unruffled stream, with a scarce perceptible motion, but reflecting from its bosom, the beauty of sky and earth.

The cause of this diversity is easily traced. The Asiatic climate supercedes the necessity of much bodily exertion ; partly by supplying in rich luxuriance what life requires ; but more, by diminishing the necessities of life. A lassitude pervades the system, which lessens its exhaustion, together with its power of self-replenishment, and the warmth of the seasons leaves necessary but little care for covering and shelter. Thus the mind is left in great measure unaffected by those calls of necessity, which especially rouses it to energy. On the other hand, the noon-day is so powerful as to restrict exertion and enervate the frame. This time is therefore spent in slumber or in half-waking revery. But when evening comes, and nature recovers its freshness, and the starry heavens shine forth with the brightness peculiar to Eastern climes, there is felt an elasticity of thought and luxuriance of imagination, which lead on in connection with surrounding objects to revel in the most gorgeous scenes of the fairy world.

The European mind has been formed under different auspices. The climate favors and requires energy. This has been strengthened by the inspiration of freer institutions, and by its own self-multiplying power. While

the Asiatic meditates, the European reasons. The Greeks lay on the border of Asiatic ground, and had much intercourse with its people: and hence they partook in a great measure of its spirit. But yet they clearly belonged to the European division. Excepting Pythagoras and Plato, the renowned Grecians were almost wholly devoid of the spirit of meditative abstraction. The Romans had still less of it. The mercantile and scientific habits of modern times are still farther removed from it. And in ourselves there is added the excitement of exploring and subjecting a new world.

But a counteracting influence has come in. Christianity, from its own nature, and from the character of those by whom it was first promulgated, is highly meditative; and it has partially mingled this element in our mental constitution.

Nor is this a worthless change. Energy is thus tempered by sensibility; beauty is added to power. Meditation is an under-action of mind, gentle and sweet, which soothes down the irritations of business or toilsome thought, softens and elevates the feelings, and opens a source of the purest pleasure. It is, *par excellence*, the luxury of thought.

It is proposed to offer in a series of numbers a few thoughts of this kind, to those whose taste corresponds to them. To those, who can find relaxation only in boisterous gaiety, we have nothing to say. Let them pursue their course, whilst we follow ours.

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## I I.

Memory is a region from which the light of day has departed. The twilight still plays around its loftiest summits, and gilds them with a softened beauty, but its vallies and plains and the more distant hills are nearly lost in dim obscurity.

It is usually a region of silence. Rarely does a sound disturb its quiet realm. The soul wanders on in stillness, catching here and there dim glimpses of scenes, that once were beaming in the light of day. But sometimes spirit-voices come softly to the ear from the aerial purity above, telling sweetly of the past; and sometimes from the caverns and darkness below rise heavily on the night-air voices of gloom and sadness; and now a terrific groan!—and the soul starts with horror. It is the demon of remorse; and he dwells in this dark abyss. Once admitted to these regions, he yields not his abode. When the soul wanders thitherward, she feels a chilling poison on the air, and flies in madness from its sounds and sights of terror. But in Memory's labyrinthine region, flight is of little avail. • Wherever she turns is only horror. She calls for the voices of peace; looks eagerly for other scenes;—but in vain.—Yet at last she makes her escape, and if not driven in anguish back to the scenes of day, continues her roving over this varied region.

Its scenes, though at first obscure, and even invisible, brighten before her gaze. Even while she gazes, a light kindles in her eye, and beams forth around, calling into clear, yet soft distinctness every object in her path. Sweet and soft are these scenes, where the spirit of peace is, where remorse has not entered, where purity reigns. The soul wanders unsatiated, and



leaves them with reluctance.—And when she does return, know ye not the holy calmness, that rests upon her? the sweet breathings of tranquility and tenderness, which the cold world can hardly dispel? It is the air of that region, the fragrance of those fields, yet undissipated.

They tell sweet stories, Readers, of those fair regions. Do you love to wander there?

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### III.

I had been laboring upon an abstract question in Metaphysics, until my mind had become wearied, and my thoughts impatient and fugitive. Gradually the book and subject were forgotten and my mind roved away to a new region.

A territory lay before me, surrounded by an impassable wall, with but a single entrance. What seemed very remarkable, I could not with the most intense scrutiny, discover anything of the nature of that region. Whether it was owing to the obscurity in which it lay, or to a difference in the region itself from the material elements with which I was before acquainted, I could not make it out to be either one or another of them. The forms which inhabited it, seemed to advance and retire in its depths as if unobstructed, yet as they become invisible in retiring, it was uncertain whether they passed into fathomless obscurity, or only withdrew into the gloom of a valley.

At the entrance sat a grave personage, who seemed the guardian of the place. His seat was elevated, and commanded the passage; and his business seemed to be, to inspect the qualifications of the numerous applicants for admission, who were continually rushing toward the entrance. These came from every direction with the speed of light, and were of every variety of form and aspect. A roll lay by the judge, containing a list of the requisite qualifications, to which he occasionally referred.

Towards this entrance the eyes of those within were almost constantly directed. They crowded around the judge, they reached out their hands to the applicants, and kept the whole place in tumult. Sometimes the judge frowned upon them, and they shrank back a little, but in a moment would be as boisterous as ever. All were not thus; but these were most prominent, and of course first attracted my attention. There were some of a mild and serious aspect, who stood aloof from the bustle, or only occasionally advanced towards the gate. Yet they were no less interested in what was passing, and exerted all their influence, though in a different manner.

The object of all was to gain admittance for those whom they favored. But as the necessary qualifications were expressly stated in the roll, none but a certain class could be admitted, unless the vigilance of the judge could be eluded, or his fidelity overcome. Every means was used for this purpose by the boisterous ones. Sometimes they would hide the obnoxious parts of the roll, or even throw it entirely out of his reach, and make such a confusion around that he could not remember its contents; and in the mean time the applicant darted by. Sometimes they would interpose something, so that he could not see distinctly. Sometimes they would throw a light, as if from a prismatic reflector, upon the applicants, so as to entirely change their appear-

ance, and gain them admittance under a false color. Finally they would sometimes assail the judge with systematic pleading, and partly by fine-spun sophistry, in which they seemed to have no little skill, but some by a deafening clamor, would gain their cause and lead in their favorite in triumph.

But the others pursued quite a different course. Their wishes seemed to harmonize perfectly with the conditions of the roll, and they exerted themselves to sustain its authority. They would bring it back when thrown away, or whisper in the ear of the judge what the others had concealed; and labored in every way to counteract their acts. If the judge grew negligent, they would rouse him. Whilst the others were playing all their sophistry, they would expose and silence them by some simple truth; or from a distance fix a look of imploring admonition upon the judge, which annihilated all the influence of their adversaries, and restored the judge to his right reason.

Thus the contest went on, and with various success. Few indeed were the cases, in which they agreed, though there were some. Sometimes the disorderly ones happened to choose one, who possessed the requisites for admission, and then of course there was no quarrel; but never did the defenders of the roll join the others against it. The violence of the contest however, was much diminished by the great supremacy, which a few victories gave to either party. The victorious found the judge more and more pliant to their influence, and their adversaries less and less active.

Continuing to gaze, I discovered that the cause of all this effort arose from a desire for congenial associates, and for the increase of their own power. Though the applicants were beings of a different order from the inhabitants, yet there was an analogy of character between them severally, which brought them together; and the former, on being admitted, ranked themselves in the trains of the latter. Some became the warm intimates of their patrons; but others after a short notice were forgotten. When this was the case, they slipped away, and vanished in the obscurity below; whilst their places were supplied by those who were constantly crowding in.

What is the meaning of all this? was my involuntary exclamation, as I earnestly gazed on the scene.

The genius of Musings, who never fails his votaries, was at hand. 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is the human mind—the inhabitants are the Passions,—those who throng in from without are the Thoughts. Reflect well on what thou canst know, and search no farther.'

I turned to make farther inquiries, but he was gone.

E. D. J.

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## LIFE'S VAGARY.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN.

I CAME unto the crowd :  
 Gaily away the night did wear  
 With smiles from lips of moulding rare,  
 And song and laughter loud.

I stood beside a bier,  
 Mid the mournful chant of voices low,  
 While half suppress'd the wail of woe  
 Stole sadly on the ear.

And this is life's strange doom,  
 A moment sad—a moment gay :—  
 While pleasure dances on her way  
 To her mansion in the tomb.

Beware the tempter, boy,  
 Veiled as an angel's is her form ;  
 But like a syren mid the storm  
 She lures thee to destroy.

Think when the board is spread  
 Mirth's goblet is a poison'd glass,  
 And when a few hours shall pass  
 Her home is with the dead.

LEAVES FROM A JOURNAL OF A CRUISE  
 AMONG THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

A RAMBLE INLAND.

PONCE, (P. R.) Sept. 13.

EARLY this morning I went on shore and took coffee at Signor L——'s. The routine of a day's *eating* here is—at 6 o'clock in the morning, a cup of coffee, made exceedingly strong, '*half-and-half*'—that is, the same amount of coffee as of water,—(I was told)—at 10 o'clock, breakfast—and at 6 P. M. dinner, which is generally carried out till evening. The English and American portion of the population of Ponce are very hospitable. Preparations are generally made at meals for two or three *droppers in*—you may go into the house of a friend, and call upon the black servant for a cup of coffee, with the *non chalance*, that you would issue an order at your own house, and no one would notice it—such things being *matters of course*.



After having finished our coffee, I hired a horse, a smart little pacing pony, as the horses of Porto Rico generally are, and in company with several English and American gentlemen started on a jaunt into the country. It was a glorious morning: every thing around us was fresh and beautiful; the sun had not yet dissipated the dews of night, and a thousand drops, like sparkling jewels, glittered on the bending branches of the trees, and on the lips of the tall green grass, as they were swayed to and fro, in the breath of the playful zephyr. We galloped along in high glee, waking the echoes of rock and hill and forest, with our noisy merriment—having just enough of rarity in our path to make it interesting—now fording a rushing stream, now climbing a steep bank, anon following the windings of a valley, overhung with forest trees, that were ringing in their depths to the gleesome notes of the wild parrot, the mocking bird and myriads of bright plumed songsters that were glancing to and fro and hither and yon in the streak of golden sunlight, that *philtered* (I'll have a patent for the work) through the green wavy whoof that canopied us—then again we crossed a wide plain, teeming with luxuriant vegetation. Imagination could not picture a wilder or more beautiful region than that through which we passed.

Sometimes the road lay through long ranges of banana trees, whose long leaves, bending over our heads, shielded us from the rays of the sun, which, as the day advanced, grew intensely fierce.—The leaves of the banana are the largest that I ever saw, some of them being, I should judge, twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and two or three broad—they are sometimes whipped into shreds by the high winds, so as to appear, in every respect but color, like immense ostrich plumes.—Anon succeeded wide tracts of sugar canes—coffee shrubs—clumps of palms and cocoas, whose long feathery foliage oft shaded the negro's cottage of bamboo. Bread fruit, dates, wild olive and locust grew about and around us, in beautiful variety—and sometimes our way lay through forests of the tall wild cinnamon or bay trees, *lignum-vitæ*, *baffliamac* and others of which I neither knew the name or nature, flourishing in all the glory of primeval luxuriance—here a gigantic tree towered above its fellows, from whose loftiest boughs the long moss drooped to the very ground—standing like an aged and hoary patriarch among his children and his children's children—then we passed a wide armed tree, whose boughs had shot down into the ground, taken root and sprung up again, and so on till one tree formed a wide grove—in another place, vines and creeping plants, had clung from tree to tree, and from bough to bough, so as completely to envelope wide tracts of forest, forming a mountain of luxuriant verdure, into whose dark retreats nothing ever penetrated except the land crab or lizzard, and where belike, the vertic sunbeam, had sought, in vain, for many an eye, to find a resting place. Some of the trees, although so late in the season, were still clothed in deep tinged blossoms—and Mistress Flora had lavished her favors around with an unsparing hand—by the margin of the brawling brooks and placid lakelets—in the twilight gloom of the labyrinthian aisles that wound away into the depths of the woods—and along by the sides of our mazy path, thousands of brilliant colored and ruddy flowers were springing into bloom, some of them not unlike what we called in New England the 'morning glory,' albeit of a rarity of colors—running

round the butts of the trees—clasping the tall cactus that grew about us in great profusion, in their embrace, or peering out of the twisted and tangled brakes and undergrowth.

In sooth these West Indies would be a paradise to dwell in, were it not for the debilitating effects of the climate, or rather, if it were not for the lassitude that plenty, eternal summer, and almost spontaneous production were apt to engender.

After following the road some twelve or fifteen miles, we struck off into a bye path, through a field of luxuriant sugar canes, and soon were in sight of the house of Seignor A——, the owner of the plantation through which we were wending.—We handed our horses to the negroes to be rubbed down, and concluded to spend the day with the overseer—the owner was absent in America—and a most hospitable reception he gave us.

The house was built after the manner of most Spanish houses, with the roof projecting far over the main body of the building, supported from the ground, by slight columns, forming a sort of piazza all around, with a wide balcony at the second story, where one may seat himself and enjoy the cool breezes, that sweep down from the mountains during the mid-day sultriness, without being subject to the fervid beams of the sun. These houses are never built more than two stories in height, and are inhabited only on the second floor, which is reached by a flight of stairs from the outside. The scene from this balcony, was one of surpassing beauty; a vast level plain—a wavy sea of tall sugar canes, (from ten to fifteen feet in height) on the one side stretched away before you for miles, checkered here and there with little islands of palms, or feathery cocoas, or the broad deep-green leaved bread-fruit trees, with the picturesque dwellings of the plantation owners, peering out from among them—and far away, almost beyond the view, the wearied eye caught a glimpse of the blue waves of ocean. On the other side,

‘Over forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,’

the mountains towered away in all their untamed and rugged grandeur, continually capped with clouds—those stormy mountains, whose summits were the fortresses of the Thunderer—into the fearful fastnesses of which mortal footsteps never penetrated—there, amid fierce heats and poisonous mists, the hurricane is engendered—thence goes forth the fierce gusts of the summer tempest to its work of devastation—there the sons of the forest all blasted by the lightning’s stroke unheeded, there the torrent roars to the solitude the live-long day unheard, and the midnight rest of the elements is disturbed by the howl of the spotted panther as he roams through the wild, gloomy windings of the moss-bearded forest—but I believe my pen is running riot, during my flights of fancy; therefore, gentle reader, (if those lucubrations are ever destined to have one,) please score down the few lines foregoing to the account of my unruly pen, which, no doubt acquired its flighty propensities while adhering to the wing of a wild goose!—— \* \* \*

Hard by the plantation house, was the negro village, with a hospital for the sick, and infirm—a neat little building with green lattice windows, built on the same plan with the mansion house, but much smaller. The slaves appeared to be perfectly contented—it was holiday, and some of them were

frollicking about their huts, others were cultivating their little garden spots, and others wandering about at a distance in quest of land crabs, which are said to be excellent food.

After breakfast we walked out to view the plantation, taking fowling pieces with us, as we were told that we should find plenty of game about the premises. This plantation is very extensive—it has produced upwards of twelve hundred hogsheads of sugar of a ton weight each in one year, and molasses in proportion. The sugar cane comes to perfection twice in a year, the harvest taking place generally about the first of the months of January and July.

In some places the lizzards and land crabs, and some of the most wicked looking insects, I ever set eyes on, were as thick about our feet as grasshoppers in a New England meadow—I liked not their near affinity, and kept backing and filling among the prickly pears and underbrush, not a little to the detriment of my clothes; and even after I had been informed that they were harmless, I was not particularly bent on keeping them company.—‘Wheetle, wheetle!’ whisp, whisp! tweet, tweet! buzz, buzz—whew! how my ears tingled to their shrill, rasping voices—and even now, I *creep* all over as in my mind’s eye, I see them, leering and blinking at me, and whiggling, whirring, and twining their supple bodies among the rocks and bushes,—not that I am particularly adverse to creatures of this kind, but these were real *trojans*, in their way. After a ramble among the caves for some time, we struck off into the woods, where the wild pigeons were seen in considerable numbers. We were soon *in for it*, and eagerly following our sport through the tangled mazes of the forest, waking the echoes of the silent glens and solitary places, with the reports of our guns. Darker and more dark grew the twilight that reigned under the canopy of matted and intertwined boughs and leaves. Finding the game grow scarce, and having become a little weary with our tramp, we at length seated ourselves on an old trunk that had apparently fallen through age. Wild and beautiful in the extreme was our retreat. The green boughs over us were so overrun with vines and creeping plants, and so dense was their foliage, that although it was high noon, not a ray of the sun penetrated the leafy dome. It was intensely hot, and a silence that might almost be heard, reigned through the wide, reposing forest, save when broken by the low whistle of some unseen bird, that seemed to be the only denizen of the place, or the low music of the little water cresses, that flowed in secret, or the occasional skip, skip, skip, of a dead leaf, as spinning round, it fell, glancing from bough to bough, to the ground. The little pale flowers of the shade, were looking out from the wild vines that encircled the stately trunks, and up from the ferny growth about us, as if surprised at our intrusion—appearances seemed to indicate that seldom did the footfall of man interrupt the silence of these green haunts. The extreme heat and our fatigue made us drowsy, and I was soon lost in abstract and disjointed speculations—‘girt with strange and dusky aspect,’—fawns, and satyrs were about me peering out from every copse and from behind every tree, at the intruders into their dreamy realms. We were aroused from our situation by a gleam that shot through the forest, followed by a peal of thunder that echoed and reverberated through the winding aisles for many seconds. It had suddenly



become dark as night. From an occasional tap, tap, the rain soon increased to sweeping torrents, and from afar was heard the roar of the mighty winds trampling the forest in their wrath; then the green canopy overhead was convulsed and torn open in its giant grasp, and we caught a glimpse of the black, conglomerated clouds that had overspread the face of the blue, summer heaven. The stately trunks around us were swayed to and fro, under their immense burthen, like the firmly rooted sawyers in the current of the Mississippi. We sought shelter under the gigantic trunk of a wild cinnamon tree, and were shielded from the rain which was soon over, when we again took up our march and in about half an hour arrived at the little village of Captanao, and thence by the road returned to the plantation—just in time for dinner,—not a little wearied with our ramble, our hands scratched and our clothes torn with the cactus thorns, with some half a dozen wood doves as the avails of our sport!!

\* \* \* \* \*

SUNDAY, Sept. 14th.

After dinner, having spent a pleasant day with our hospitable entertainer, Seignor L—— and myself mounted our horses, and turned our faces towards the Bay Settlement, leaving the rest of our party to enjoy their *siesta*. It was a lovely evening; as we rode along the sun sank gloriously to rest beyond the blue line of the sea, shedding a mellow radiance over the far stretched scene—furnishing the many streams that wound down from the mountains; and here and there lighting the feathery tuft of some tall palm, with his latest beams; and long after he had gone, when the forest and plain and river grew dim and indistinct in the deepening twilights, his very rays still lingered upon the far mountain tops, bringing out into bold relief, while all below was veiled in darkness, the ponderous volumed clouds, that had laid all day, 'staid and slumbering on those battlements of heaven'—

——— 'their lone summits cast  
The sunken daylight far, through the aerial waste.'

Erewhile the moon uprose, shedding her silvery beams over as lovely a scene as was ever pictured out in the dreams of the poet or painter.

The happy country people were out before their houses, enjoying the land breeze now the tyrant sun had withdrawn his beams—dressed in their holiday costumes—generally a gown made very full, of light muslin stuffs, a thin scarf thrown over the head, instead of a bonnet, and sometimes a long colored *manta* secured round the neck. At some of the houses, parties were collected to dance—(divertisement is the order here for Sabbath afternoons)—the tamborine, the clarionette, the violin and guitar, were sounding their merry strains, and good looking youths and dark eyed girls, were gaily and gracefully spinning round, and rising and sinking in the Spanish waltz—laughing and chatting in a way that told at once care and sorrow were strangers to them. Sometimes they invited us to join with them, but owing to the distance we had to travel, we declined. In sooth it would not have required much stretch of the imagination to dream that the golden age had come again.—

Now and then we passed a whiskered, mustachioed, savage looking don, with plumed cap on head, and sword clanking at his side followed by his

servant, reminding one of the days of old romance, or rather of the redoubtable knight, Don Quixote, and his valiant squire, Sancho Panza, wandering forth in quest of adventures—they were however, nothing more than travellers on a journey, it is the custom here to travel after sun down, or early in the morning, on account of the heat during the day. Once and again, we passed a pretty *Segnora* galloping along on horseback, who returned the bow and a *Dios* of my companion, with the grace and ease of an old acquaintance—a Spaniard always salutes you when he passes.

Our road lay through the city of Ponce, which is about four miles from the Bay Settlement, where is its harbor. We arrived in town about 8 o'clock—every thing here bore the aspect of revelry and holiday—the whole populace seemed to have turned out into the streets, except those who were engaged in a dance, at a house here and there, which seems to be their favorite amusement. The shops were all brilliantly lighted up—soldiers were manœuvring in the streets—drums, pipes, horns—guns, squibs, crackers, and fire works of every description, were sounding, braying, clanging—shooting, blazing and snapping off in every direction—reminding one of a fourth of July celebration in the States.

At one place, about five hundred boys were collected, shouting, and hallooing, and making an uproar to my ears as unintelligible as the language of the Coromantin negroes. All I could distinguish was 'Patrino! Patrino!' Here I was told there had been a christening party, and *Patrino* was the father of the child to be christened.

Ponce is a pleasant little town of perhaps five or six thousand inhabitants. There was nothing that I saw about it worthy of much comment, except the magnificent ruins of an old church, that stood in the outskirts of the place, which had been partially destroyed by an earthquake in days gone by. This had three domes that were almost entire—but some of the pinnacles were broken off—the walls were cracked, and, in some places had caved down, and the roof of the main building had fallen in. Wild flowers and the long, thin grass that loves the ruins had seeded on the top of the walls, and in their rents and fishures, and creeping plants hung down in dark masses of foliage from the buttresses, and in the old gothic windows—trellacing a huge frame at the back of the building, through which the moonlight philtered in silvery showers, upon the green turf below

' A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
Shorn of its glass of thousand colorings,  
Through which the deepen'd glories once might enter,  
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,  
Now yawns all desolate—now loud, now fainter  
The gale sweeps through its petwork, and oft sings  
The owl his anthem, where the silenced choir  
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd, like fire.'

There it stood, mossy and hoar, in the solitary moonlight, and taken in conjunction with the scenery around, it reminded me of the time-worn and mouldering ruins, that I have read of, in Cordova and Grenada, and the royaumes once swayed by the Moors in Spain.

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WEDNESDAY, 17th.

Here I am, in town again, prying into every thing, scanning the cut and *toute ensemble* of every poor devil of a Spaniard that I meet—driving bargains with the market women, for pine apples, oranges, bananas, and every thing else that tickles my fancy—confounding them with my English, bad French and the few words of Spanish that I have picked up, like a veritable yankee doodle—wall hant I one—hant I right off the reel, from the very apex of down east—hant my name Ahazuerus Hackinsack, and isn't I the son of my father and nephew of my aunt that live in the town of Limington in Maine.—Belay there friend, say I, and dont unravel your whole history, or— \* \*

After ransacking every nook and corner of the town, I sought the graveyard. It is a small place, fenced round with rocks and brambles, about one forth as large as the burial place at the foot of Mount Joy, in Portland. But how wide the difference in their appearances. Instead of the neat slabs, monuments and pillars to be seen there—instead of the green grass, the wild brier rose, and the red and white clover blossoms, that diffuse abroad a faint and pleasing fragrance—instead of the dreamy, the hushed and holy tranquillity that there reigns, above the green mounds and hillocks, wrapping the mind in sweet, soothing melancholy, and disposing it to meditation—in the place of objects like these, rough, crumbling mausoleums are placed round against the wall, with here and there an inscription painted on wood, recording the name of some one of the better class, placed over them—rank springing weeds and blowzy flowers are growing around, emitting a foetid odour, and the earth is black in some places with the noisome remains of mortality. Hundreds of human skulls and bones were piled up here and there, as they pile up cannon balls and bomb shells at a military station, which had been dug up to made room for new comers! \* \* \* \* My companion informed me that sometimes persons were dug up in the first stages of decomposition, and their coffins appropriated to some new tenant of the grave. While I was there, a child was brought in attended only by its mother, whose countenance was the image of blank despair. The sexton deposited it on the grass, while he dug its grave. It was a beautiful babe, some six months of age—there it lay, decorated with sweet scented flowers, its little chubby face as calm as if it were only wrapped in gentle slumber, while the poor mother bent over it and wept as though her heart would break. The sexton dug a hole about a foot in depth, and deposited it without any coffin and covered up. Thus were the dead attended to their grave, while the jubilee at the birth of a new heir to the toils and sorrows of earth was still sounding afar from the depths of the town, like the roar of distant waters.

Sick at heart I turned from the place, wishing that when I found a grave it might be any where than at the burial place of Ponce. How much better thought I, is the lonely little island, off at sea, surrounded with breakers, which the bigotry of the Catholics has appropriated as the last place of rest for foreign *heretics* dying here, than this pestiferous, heart-sickening charnel house—this *holy ground*. Well, thought I, may P——'s relatives thank heaven that he has found so good a resting place as that lonely isle—fitter for the grave of the stranger than splendid mausoleums or costly marble.



That evening, after I had returned to the Bay Settlement as I sat thinking of poor P——, on the balcony of Seignor L——'s house, which commanded a view of the broad sea and the little island where he was buried, I wrote the following.

### THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

'Far in the south, where wild winds toss  
Matanza's summer wave,  
Some kindly hand hath reared a cross  
Above the stranger's grave.'

ANONYMOUS.

Night stole upon the Isles of Jud;  
The cool breeze from the sea,  
Swept o'er the parched and sultry land  
With joyous melody;  
Beyond the waves the burning sun  
Sank gorgeously to rest,  
Shedding a long, bright, crimson wake  
Aslant the ocean's breast—

And palmy wood and inland wave  
And distant mountain's height,  
Glowing beneath the roseate sky  
Were bathed in golden light.—  
The languid pulse did freer bound—  
The bird resumed his song  
And music gushed with vivand swell  
From many a festive throng.

The deep-toned notes of the guitar  
Swelled fitful on the gale,  
And the negro hummed the low, wild lays  
Of her far native vale,  
As 'neath the cocoa's shade she sat—  
Her dark babe sleeping near—  
Musing on scenes and hopes long past,  
Treasured in memory dear;

But there was one—a stranger youth—  
Who felt not eye's glad power,  
Who looked with sadder brow and eye  
On twilight's deepening hour;  
Disease was on him, and he lay  
Wasted and worn and weak,  
All ivory pale his noble brow  
And flushed his favored cheek.

His thoughts were of his distant home,  
Beyond the ocean-wide—  
Amid the loved scenes of his youth,  
By Casco's heaving tide.—  
They drew aside the silken screen  
That kept the mid-day light  
From gleaming, with too fierce a strength  
Upon his failing sight;

A glorious landscape lay without  
 In far extended view—  
 Wide cane fields, palm and cocoa groves,  
 And far off, ocean's blue ;  
 And on that blue with swerveless gaze  
 Was fixed his dreamy eye,  
 As if his spirit, far beyond,  
 Roamed 'neath his native sky—

'O, for one gaze,' he faintly breathed,  
 ' Upon my own dear land !  
 Why did vain wishes lure me far  
 From thee, beloved strand—  
 One look upon the cherished scenes  
 Of early days,' he sighed,  
 ' One gaze'—the sound forsook his lips !—  
 He turned, and calmly died.—

'T was night, the round, bright silvery moon  
 Hung high 'mid heaven's dark blue,  
 When from the shore with muffled oar  
 A barge shot out to view—  
 It bears that youth—they made his grave  
 Upon a rocky key—  
 A wild and isolated spot  
 Girt by the dashing sea.

Around the scene the flaming torch  
 Flickered with lurid glow,  
 No deep bell boomed far through the air,  
 No notes of wail and woe  
 Broke on the night—mute was each voice  
 Save where the prayer was read  
 By one—a wanderer from his home—  
 Above the lowly dead.

The rude winds wail along the rocks  
 And o'er his lonely grave,  
 And far around for many a league  
 Is ocean's weltering wave—  
 And when the Autumn storms come on,  
 And all is wrapped in gloom  
 The roaring billow jets its spray,  
 Upon his rocky tomb.

His is a grave befitting kings—  
 None ever there intrude ;  
 But endless Sabbath reigneth there—  
 Eternal solitude ;  
 A lone fair bird of snowy wing,  
 Is sometimes seen around,  
 As if it were a spirit thing  
 To guard that haunted ground.—

And oft the fisher on the seas  
 Has heard its wild song swell  
 From midst the purple furze and flowers  
 That clothe that rocky pell;  
 Widely he veers his little skiff  
 From the funeral strand,  
 And long would heave the stormy sea,  
 Ere on that wild spot land.

ROLLA.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

DRAGOON CAMPAIGNS TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By a Dragoon. New York: Wiley & Long. 1 Vol. pp. 288.

We sat down to the perusal of this volume with no great prepossession in its favor, having taken a casual glance at the author's preface, whence it might be inferred that his main object was, an expose of the 'grievances and oppressions' connected with his campaigns. Several of the first letters—and the volume is a series of letters—are devoid of interest, and, withal, exceedingly newspaper-ish. But as he progresses, the interest of the reader is increased, and he will find no cause to regret that he has undertaken the task. The work shows that its author—though a private in the Dragoon service—is a man of no ordinary capacity. He certainly evinces much talent, though, as he observes in his preface, 'he has attempted but little to picture those scenes where nature has so richly displayed her powers of creation, and upon which fruitful theme Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Hoffman, and a host of other able and distinguished writers, have expatiated in glowing terms.' It would, however, do credit to one of more experience in the profession of authorship.

The troop to which the writer was attached was raised in the western part of New York, and was under the command of Capt. E. V. Sumner and Lieut. Burgwin, of which latter gentleman, he often takes occasion to speak in the highest terms, both as to his private and professional character. After a long and tedious journey, they arrive at Jefferson Barracks. When first drawn up in line, the author intimates that they bore no faint resemblance to Jack Falstaff's ragged regiment, having parted with all their clothing, except what was absolutely necessary for them until their arrival. Not finding it there as was anticipated, here was the beginning of trouble. But a rehearsal of the grievances to which they were subjected will be of no interest to the reader, and we will proceed to make a few extracts as a specimen of the author's capacity. First, we give his reflections on entering the regions of the 'far west.'

'Description can convey no adequate idea of that region where nature seems to have wrought upon so grand a scale, where the impenetrable forest, extending over unmeasured space, echoes back in wild and solitary grandeur the accents of the still wilder notes that it listens to; where the prairie sweeps, like the wave of the ocean, so far on every side that the horizon alone can bound it; where stupendous mountains rear their rock-imbedded crests to the heavens; where the wild elk and buffalo range over their native plains; and where the stately savage,



the lord of his inheritance, gazes toward the horizon on either side, nor dreams that the world contains aught else than the hunting ground of his fathers, and the tribe that honors him as their chief.

What a field is here for the moralist, painter, poet, or historian! Here, the eye never tires of roaming, for, even upon the prairie, the infinite variety of herb and flower, of every hue and aspect, affords a gratifying subject of contemplation to the casual observer as well as to the scientific botanist. Here it is that man feels the true spirit of devotion to his Creator, for all around him is calculated to impress upon his feelings a sense of his power and greatness. Standing amidst the mighty expanse that surrounds him, his mind naturally reverts to the greatness of that Being, whose word of power spoke worlds into existence, and contrasting his own comparative nothingness with the grandeur of creation, he can better appreciate the omnipotence of his Creator. There is a moral sublimity in scenes like these: calm and quiet, the mind may here roam undisturbed and gain new expansion with every exercise.

To me the reflection is a melancholy one, that ere long the time will come when this glorious region shall be changed into the crowded mart of traffic; that the woodman's axe shall resound and reverberate through these mighty forests; that soon the last Indian must be swept from off the land that his ancestors reigned over; and that these vivid scenes which the adventurous traveller now looks upon as fraught with a living interest, must ere long only be numbered with the things that were. But such is the march of improvement, such the rapid settlement of western America, that, if we may be allowed to judge of what will be by what has been, the subjugation of this whole western world to the renovating influence of industry and art is not far distant.

Speaking of the prospects of the West, the author observes,

'But every year hath made encroachments upon this vaunted region; emigration hath 'poured like a torrent down upon a vale,' from every quarter of the globe, upon the skirts of this wild dominion; and should prosperity and peace follow up the unabated progress of our country's advancement, but a few years more will not only find the well guarded trading party, or the troop of mounted and armed soldiers traversing these regions, but the sound of the hammer of the artizan shall ring across the prairie, and the woodman's axe shall resound through the forest.

Indulge me, if not with me, for a moment, whilst I look through the horoscope, and tell what is now hidden behind the curtain of futurity. See that wild and lovely prairie, waving as the air breathes upon its deep green mantle, spangled with its ten thousand times ten thousand flowers, of the brightest hue, and yielding a delicious fragrance; like a boundless ocean, no path-way divides it. Look again, see those towering piles of castellated rocks, beetling above the cloud-capped summit of the mountain; that roaring torrent dashing from crag to crag, from precipice to precipice. Look through that opening vista, and see, like Ossa upon Pelion, mountain rearing its crest above mountain. Stretch forward your eye, and look along that deep green vale, studded with groves, and watered with crystal streams. Climb to yonder pinnacle, and gaze upon the world beneath it—no human habitation, no vestige of improvement greets your view; nature still reigns triumphant over the broad expanse. Let me draw aside the curtain—fifty years hath flown away, many a head hath been laid low in the dust, and many a new actor hath made his debut upon the stage of life—what seest thou? 'On yonder pinnacle of the mountain, from whence I gazed upon the trackless prairie, stands a proud dwelling, with its towers and porticoes—its halls are filled with groups of visitors; I see a stairway leading up the mountain, carved in the solid rock, and as it winds amid the clusters of trees, I can see many groups resting, as they ascend the summit. See yonder steam-car darting across the prairie, having in its train an hundred passengers. Yonder canal connects the Columbia with the Mississippi, and those boats are carrying bales, and boxes of merchandize to the various towns along its line. There, amid the crumbled fragments at the mountain's base, are a group of students gathering specimens for their cabinet—and see that happy and merry group of boarding-school girls frolicking over the prairie. What a change! The splendid steamer now disturbs the waters of the Mackenzie and the Columbia; civilization hath strode across the land: yonder shrivelled Indian is the last of his race; his people are no more—his hunting ground hath yielded to the plough—his wigwam is destroyed—and he stands solitary and alone, the last relic of a mighty race.

Is all this visionary? No, he who watches the signs of the times, and reflects for a moment over the events of years gone by; then bends forward his eye to look through the intervening space of a few years more, must readily imagine that such must, and inevitably will be the result.'

The 'appendix' contains many wise reflections on a soldier's life, and concludes by warning all 'to shun the recruiting officer as they would avoid the upas tree.' The author indulges the hope that a perusal of his book 'may be instrumental in turning the feet of many an unsuspecting youth from the paths of military thralldom.' 'Life,' he continues, 'is too precious and too short to be thrown away in empty and fruitless searches after the bubble reputation: and least of all should the young enthusiast seek it at the cannon's mouth.'

On the whole, we are much pleased with this volume. Though, as Puff' said, there are many things contained in it that might be omitted with advantage, such as 'general orders' etc., it will still be read with interest, and, we might add, with profit by those who have a desire for military life. Had our limits permitted we should have given a few more extracts, which had been marked for the purpose.

NEW DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By CHARLES RICHARDSON. London, William Pickering: New York, William Jackson.

This will be one of the most valuable works that has yet been undertaken. It is on the plan originally marked out by Dr. Johnson, who, from some cause, did not fulfil his intentions. The task—and it is an Herculean one—has been undertaken by Mr. Richardson, and he has, as far as our examination of the work has afforded on opportunity of judging, performed the labor with uncommon ability. It will, undoubtedly, be of the highest authority. A contemporary of high literary reputation has remarked, that the Dictionary 'is in fact, a history of the language; and this character it receives still more largely from the copious quotations, exhibiting each in its origin and progress; care being taken to place the quotations always in their true order of time, as regards the era of the writers from whom they are taken.'

The work will be published in semi-monthly parts at fifty cents each—three of which have been issued—each part containing eighty quarto pages. The whole will be completed in thirty parts, making two large volumes of twelve hundred pages. Our book sellers can furnish them at the subscription price.

THE SCHOLAR'S COMPANION; or a Guide to the Orthography, Pronunciation, and Derivation of the English Language. By RICHARD W. GREEN. Philadelphia, Henry Perkins.

This work is a valuable acquisition to the long catalogue of school books. It is founded on the excellent English work of Butler, and adapted to the higher order of schools. Large additions have been made to the part on pronunciation, and the whole arrangement rendered systematic and advantageous. Words derived from Latin and Greek Roots are alphabetically arranged under the respective roots. Latin and French words and phrases, abbreviations, have their appropriate places, and to the whole is added a comprehensive dictionary of English Synonyms.

This compilation has passed to a second edition, and is, we hear, a popular book, as it assuredly ought to be. It ought to be in the library of every person, who has a desire for a thorough knowledge of the English language;

PARLEY'S CYCLOPEDIA. *The Animal Kingdom*. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co.

We have here another effort of Peter Parley to please and instruct the youthful mind. The old gentleman is really indefatigable in his exertions to benefit the rising generation. He has done more in the space of a few years to raise the standard of juvenile literature, than had been accomplished in a half a century previous.